

Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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IS SHAKESPEARE'S PEN IN THE ABBEY?

PHARAOH IN HIS GOLDEN HOUSE

TUTANKHAMEN FOUND

The Dramatic Opening of the Sealed Chamber

GLORY INDESCRIBABLE

Never in the history of Egyptian exploration can there have been a more dramatic moment than when Mr. Howard Carter, with chisel and mallet, began to break through the sealed wall of Tutankhamen's tomb.

Inside, the proud young Pharaoh had been sleeping unseen and undisturbed for more than three thousand years, and now this man from a distant island was breaking into his inviolate sanctuary. Tap, tap went the mallet, and we may imagine that in the silence Mr. Carter could perhaps hear not only the tap of the mallet, but the beat of his own heart, for he was breaking through more than a sealed wall, he was breaking through thirty centuries into the Past.

Peering into the Tomb

Soon the barrier was pierced, and the spectators with eager eyes peered into the chamber beyond. At first nothing could be seen save what looked like a screen of gold, inlaid with blue and decorated with the buckle of Isis; but when the chamber was entered this screen was found to be part of a large and magnificent shrine that almost filled the funeral chamber.

The shrine was made of wood covered with gold, inlaid with brilliant blue faience, and was capped with a beautiful cornice. All over its sides it was adorned with elaborate religious texts and weird and fearful symbols and figures.

On the eastern side of the shrine were found two immense folding doors, with heavy iron hinges, closed and bolted. With much difficulty this door was opened, and in the silence of the tomb its creaking must have sounded very much like a groan.

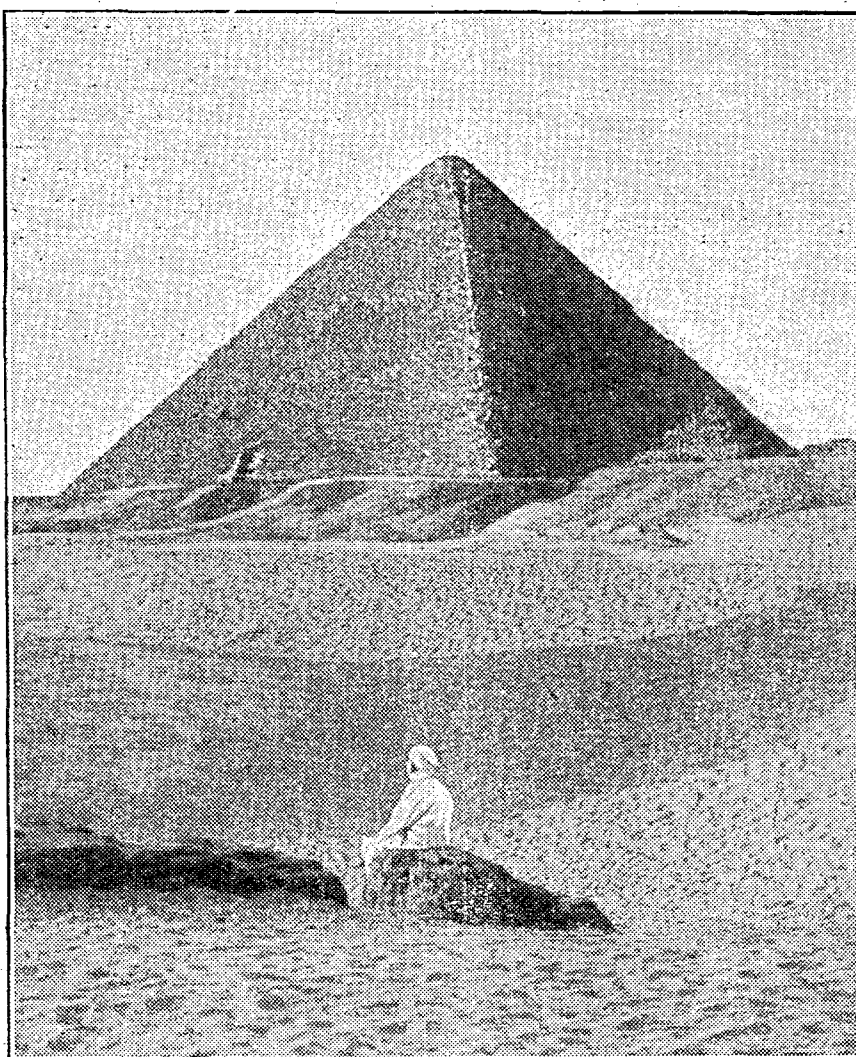
Inside the Shrine

Inside was found yet another shrine, closed, with the original seals unbroken. The inner walls of the outer shrine and the outer walls of the inner shrine were all covered with hieroglyphic signs and pictures that filled the hearts of the beholders with awe.

On the floor of the outer chamber lay seven oars, or paddles, which may have been used to ferry him across the Nile or were perhaps intended for use in his journey to the Underworld. There were also some very beautiful alabaster vases and jewellery, and a black swan of wood with a yellow bill, which some experts think was left to pilot the dead King safely across the waters of the Underworld.

But even yet Tutankhamen was not reached. It was found that the door of the inner shrine could not be opened without first pulling down the outer

Should Pharaoh be Reburied Here?



Sir Rider Haggard has suggested that the body of Tutankhamen, if it must be moved, should not find a resting-place in the Cairo Museum, to be gazed at and joked about by tourists, but that it should be reburied in the Great Pyramid of Cheops, shown here. The proposal is meeting with a good deal of support from influential authorities. See page 7

shrine, which had been built round it, and in the narrow space such a difficult undertaking requires much care.

The interior walls of the burial chamber were decorated and painted, and at the far end it opened into another chamber, hewn out of the rock. This is the store chamber of the tomb, and at its entrance stands a jackal in black and gold.

The store chamber is full of wonderful things. At one end stands a superbly carved shrine, indescribably beautiful. It is surmounted by royal serpents, and on its sides are four guardian goddesses with pitiful faces turned toward the entrance, as if pleading not to be disturbed. In this shrine are probably the four jars containing the heart and internal organs of Tutankhamen.

Besides this shrine there are numbers of others closed and sealed, and one open in which golden effigies of the king stand on black leopards. There is also a row of wonderful ivory and wooden boxes. Already many exquisite vases and works of art have been laid bare; but the boxes and shrines may be full of precious things still to be revealed. The world is anxiously waiting to know. The spectators of the historic scene speak

of "indescribable magnificence," and of "an immensity that makes one gasp." And there, we must assume, in the midst of all this ivory and gold, lies Pharaoh in his shrine. All his precautions, his goddesses with pleading eyes, his sealed doors, his inner shrines, have failed to guard his treasures. His tomb, dug with such toil and decorated with such art, has been opened, his treasures are being removed, and soon his body, hid for 3000 years from the gaze of man, may be dragged into the light of day.

What must his spirit be thinking now if it sees today this strange ending of his pomp and power?

TUTANKHAMEN'S WHIP

On one of the riding whips found in Tutankhamen's tomb was an inscription declaring that the Pharaoh rode gloriously in his chariot, and that he inspired "fear in every hill country," so that "no land was free from the dread of him."

The inscriptions, from which it is hoped to learn something of the history of the times, are chiefly on seals, labels on boxes and wine-jars, and decorative legends on various objects of art.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL

A KIND THING WE CAN ALL DO

Public Sympathy and the Humane Killer

HAS YOUR COUNCIL ADOPTED IT?

One of the most hopeful features of life in Great Britain today is the increase of sympathy toward animals and a revulsion from every form of cruelty.

We are glad to see that not only are the more humane and intelligent town councils and urban and district councils adopting the humane slaughtering by-law issued from the Ministry of Health, but the magistrates are fining people who kill animals under such circumstances as will cause them to be terrified, as well as to suffer pain. Thus one animal must not be killed, however painlessly, while another is looking on.

Unfortunately the idea that animals can suffer through apprehension of coming danger, or through seeing other animals dead or in pain, has not yet become fixed in the public mind; and so we see sheep and live lambs paraded outside butchers' shops where carcasses are hung.

How We May Help

Or again, we may see dead and living birds carried huddled together in the same trade van in the streets.

But an animal's apprehension of danger is one of its most instinctive feelings, for it is its chief safeguard in a wild state. The terror of animals where blood has been shed impresses the dullest mind, but there are many less obvious forms of distress that are commonly observed. The law will not allow cruelty by suggestion to be practised through wilfulness or carelessness, and for that improvement every sympathetic nature will be thankful.

What can be done by those who care for animals is that they may press on their local authorities to adopt the most stringent forms of humane laws.

Adopting Humane Laws

The slaughtering of animals for food, for instance, by the humane killers should be made universal. The objections to the method have all been conclusively proved to be baseless. As it is possible to kill animals for food quite painlessly it should be done, and there should be no resort to methods that are frequently very cruel in the hands of learners. Already 46 local authorities have adopted the humane slaughtering by-law made by the Health Ministry.

Full information on this subject can be obtained from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W. 1, and we cordially recommend to the attention of our readers this branch of the society's admirable work.

A FINE HOUR IN PARLIAMENT

THE ONLY WAY TO RULE THE WORLD

Four Words of One Syllable That Lead to Better Days
FAITH, HOPE, LOVE, WORK

It is not often that we are able to give the precious space of this paper to speeches made in Parliament, but it is right that the echo of two great speeches in the House of Commons should be heard at the four corners of the English-speaking world.

On Friday, February 16, the House listened with deep attention to two of its best speakers and deepest thinkers. One was Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the other was Mr. Philip Snowden, the Labour leader.

Mr. Snowden, after declaring the Peace Treaty of Versailles to be indefensible and dishonest and based on brute force, appealed to the House to believe that force could never settle anything, and that only by disarmament could security come. If we went on as we were going now there would be another war in ten years, and the matter should be referred to a world conference.

The Eternal Principles

"This is a moral question," said Mr. Snowden; "and until our economic policy is based on moral principles it cannot succeed." Mr. Snowden then ended his speech on this fine note:

I most fervently believe we can never save civilisation until all the acts of Governments, all political policies, and all international relations are based on the simple but eternal principles of the moral code.

It is a hard task to do good to them that despitefully use you, but that cross will have to be borne if the world is to be redeemed from the evil of war. It will have to be borne, if needs be, to the very summit of Calvary.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke of the terrible condition of the world. He said that had the war gone on for two years more Britain would have gone into bankruptcy. "It was not the absence of capacity of production that was causing the harm; it was the absence of the consumer." But he believed that things were going to be better. There were men on the Government side of the House who also dreamed dreams, wishing them to come true. The Government, he said, would try again and again.

When the tension of the war was over and the high spiritual effort of millions of people was relaxed, when the country was safe and the people found that all their hopes had not come to pass, all hope for the time being fled from them, and they seemed to have no spirit left to push forward. "We thought we had swept the chamber clean, and there entered in seven devils more."

The Little Great Words

Having listened to a wild speech the night before, the Chancellor concluded his own speech with these moving words:

When the Labour Party sits on these benches we shall all wish them well in their effort to govern the country; but I am quite certain that, whether they succeed or not, there will never in this country be a Communist Government, and for this reason: that no gospel founded on hate will ever seize the hearts of the people of Great Britain.

It is no good trying to cure the world by spreading out oceans of bloodshed. It is no good trying to cure the world by repeating that pentasyllabic French word Proletariat. The English language is the richest in the world for monosyllables. There are four words of one syllable each—words of salvation for this country and the whole world—and they are: Faith, hope, love, and work. No Government in this country that has not got faith in the people, hope in the future, love of its fellow men, and that will not work and work and work, will bring this country, or Europe, or the world, through into better days.

The speeches we have quoted from come from the two extremes in the Mother of Parliaments, and we may hope for better days while the spirit that runs through both of them is working in high places.

MRS. ORMISTON CHANT

A Lifetime of Good Work
GREAT LOVER OF TRUTH
AND JUSTICE

A great host of good people will be sorry to know that Mrs. Ormiston Chant has passed on her way into the universe.

She was a noble woman, loved by all who knew her. Most of a generation



Mrs. Ormiston Chant and her grandson

has passed away since she made great sacrifices to make our music-halls a little cleaner and sweeter for young people, but all her life Mrs. Chant was spending her energies, giving all the fervour of a rich and generous heart, for the uplifting of those about her.

She was brave and bright, and those who knew her never forgot the courage with which she worked alone on a scene of great devastation after one of the worst explosions during the war. She went back alone and, with what things she could collect, made tea and coffee for the men who carried on the rescue work. At another time, to cheer the terrified women in a dangerous place, she would go back and sleep among them.

One who knew her well writes to say that "she was a strong, masterful personality with a great love of justice, and always tender and self-sacrificing."

She loved the Children's Encyclopedia, and not many days before she died she was heard to say to somebody, "Do you know that the Children's Newspaper is the best paper in the world?" Not long before she died, also, she wrote these lines in pencil:

The brighter days are on the ways
That lie before us veiled in mist.
Be brave, O heart, and bear thy part;
So shalt thou gain the longed-for tryst.

They strike the note of a brave and good and hopeful life. That was the spirit of Mrs. Chant, and she leaves behind in the world a memory that will live a long, long time, kindled with admiration and affection.

GOD RULES THE WORLD

What Lord Balfour Believes

Lord Balfour has been discussing once more, in his Gifford lectures at Glasgow, the most enthralling idea in the world.

It is necessary for us, he thinks, to believe in God if we would understand the world. He believes that there is a divine influence at work among mankind.

Three great values there are, said he, all vital to the highest life of the human race; they are love, beauty, and truth. Vital as these are, we could not maintain them in the world at their highest level, said Lord Balfour, if we banished the idea of God as the Creator of the world and the Author and Sustainer of love and truth and beauty. He could not believe that a mere clash of atoms, without any purpose in it, had produced the world we know and the human beings we know, and he added these memorable words:

Not to mince matters, if we want to see the world in which we all believe, and to hold the creed which we all accept in its most natural form, we must assume guidance and inspiration from the beginning.

That is a notable confession from one of the world's most respected statesmen.

STRONGEST BOND IN THE WORLD

"Great Britain," said Senator Lodge in the United States Senate the other day, "is the only Great Power which has agreed to discharge her debts to us. She is our greatest customer, and the bonds between her and the United States are stronger probably than the bonds between any other nations in the world."

GRIP OF AN OCTOPUS

Professor Who Tested It

THE DEVIL-FISH OF OLD BOOKS

Tales of the grip of the octopus, or devil-fish, go back to antiquity.

It was probably an octopus, with its eight sucker-covered arms, that formed the basis of the story of the monstrous Hydra with which Hercules contended, and there is an exciting encounter with a big octopus in Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*.

Very eloquent are the big circular marks sometimes seen on the smooth skin of whales. Each mark, as big as a teacup, corresponds to one of the scores of suckers on the arm of a mighty cuttle-fish, and there are eight or ten arms, according to the kind.

But science always begins with measurement, and it is very interesting to read of Professor G. H. Parker's recent estimate of the power of adhesion possessed by the suckers of a small Californian octopus.

When the animal is lifted it usually attaches itself by its suckers to the collector's hand, "producing a strange and almost uncanny sensation." A single arm cut off will still stick on with tenacity, and an isolated sucker, if stimulated electrically, will hold on "apparently with as much vigour as when it was a portion of the whole animal."

A Great Surprise

A cut-off sucker was hung by a strong thread to a suspended spring balance. The sucking disc was applied to a piece of wet, smooth wood, and stimulated with an electric current. This led to adhesion, and the piece of wood was then lowered till the suction was overcome. The indicator on the spring balance registered the breaking force required to make the sucker and the wood part.

The somewhat surprising result comes out that the adhesive power of the suckers in this octopus is far short of the efficiency of even a sea anemone, which can exert a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch. The efficiency of the suckers varies from about seven pounds to the square inch to over ten pounds to the square inch.

Thus in this small octopus the individual grip is less than might have been expected, but there are scores of suckers on each of the eight arms.

RISE OF A PAPER BOY

Cabinet Minister in Australia

Mr. Percy Gerald Stewart, who has just been appointed Minister of Works in the Federal Parliament of Australia, though still a young man, has had a romantic career.

Born in a poor suburb of Melbourne, he sold newspapers as a boy on the steps of the Federal Parliament House during the afternoon, and at night worked in a glass bottle factory at seven shillings a week. Afterwards he went to sea, and five years ago he started as a wheat farmer. In 1919 he was elected to the Federal Parliament to represent the farming interests.

As he climbs up the steps of Parliament House to attend a Cabinet Meeting, he must often think of when he sold papers there. Not many newspaper boys rise to be Cabinet Ministers.

HERO DOCTOR

The Poor Man's Friend

Dr. Edwin Arthur Dando, J.P., who has just died at Dudley, was known as "the poor man's friend," and on one occasion, when a fire broke out in a local coal-pit and the lives of some miners were endangered by poisonous gas, he hurried down the mine in his night clothes, and, though nearly suffocated, succeeded in saving several lives.

JUSTICE TO A THIEF

A SACRED PRINCIPLE OF BRITISH LAW

The Facts that are not told to the Court and Why

COSTLY MAKE-BELIEVE

A solemn and costly drama has been played out in our law courts. It has taken a weary length of time and a great deal of money to commit to prison a man whom thousands of people knew to be a rascal.

He defrauded many people, enabled to do so by the amazing fact that one of our political parties showed such small regard for the character of its candidate that it permitted him, a convicted veteran of crime, to stand for Parliament at the last General Election.

The case occupied the police courts again and again for weeks; it occupied the Old Bailey for seven days. We saw the prisoner behaving with audacious rudeness to witnesses and Bench, airily demanding the appearance of the Home Secretary, a town clerk, and other public people whom the nation pays for more legitimate services.

People who Knew

At the end of it all he was sent to prison again, impenitent.

Throughout the trial he posed as the embodiment of outraged innocence, as a brave soldier of unblemished reputation; and as such he was treated by everybody in court throughout his trial. Yet there were thousands of people in London and the country who remembered his trial and conviction at the Old Bailey two years ago; who knew that he had never been out of the country as a soldier, but that during the war he was in a situation in which he committed so many frauds that his total robberies amounted to £20,000 or £30,000. It was all common knowledge, for it had appeared in the newspapers.

Yet the facts, which were within the knowledge of a multitude of people, were never even hinted at throughout this long trial. There stood this man, personifying virtue. In no other land would such a deception have been so long possible at such high cost in a court of law.

Justice for All

Well, the cynic may poke fun at a system which tolerates so expensive and long drawn-out an imposture at the public expense. But the student of law must take long views. This farce, as it may seem, is a feature of British law of which we are most proud. It proves once more that the meanest felon has justice like a man who has never erred. Our law says that a man is innocent of the crime he is charged with until the jury finds him guilty. The fact that a man has committed one crime is no evidence that he has committed another.

If the facts as to this man's character had been mentioned during the trial that would have been illegal and would probably have upset the case, for knowledge of the facts might have prejudiced the jury against him, and made it difficult or impossible for them to judge the particular case fairly.

An Example to Civilisation

The mere weight of evidence against him in his latest escapade has sent him back to gaol; all that he had done before counted for nothing until the jury had decided this one issue.

The procedure is a costly and tedious make-believe. It took all these lawyers and counsel and a jury of business men a week to clear London of the presence of this rascal. But the result is worth the price; a principle of justice is upheld, and a man is judged upon his acts and not upon his record.

British justice is vindicated, and once more it sets an example to civilisation by doing right even to a thief.

DR. TANAKADATA'S PARCEL

IMPORTANT GENTLEMAN FROM JAPAN

Why He Came to Europe and What He Brought with Him

WHAT IS A YARD?

A little time ago a most important gentleman arrived in Paris from Japan, carrying a most important parcel.

The gentleman was Dr. Tanakadata, Director of the Japanese Weights and Measures, and he bore with him—never letting it out of his possession—a bar of platinum in a steel box. The bar of platinum was the standard metre of Japan, which he had brought with him to make sure it was correct by comparing it with the standard metre kept at Sèvres, near Paris.

Now, though most people think they could tell you what a yard is, and a few could say what a metre is, there are not many who could furnish a really satisfactory answer. Some might say a yard was 36 inches; but what is an inch? No: the correct answer would be that a yard is the distance between two lines on a platinum bar kept in the Standards Department of the Board of Trade at Whitehall.

The Imprisoned Metre

In the same way a metre is the distance between two lines scratched on a platinum bar in a vault of a house not far from Paris.

This house is the Mecca of the scientific world, and the vault is kept almost as sacredly as the tomb of Mohammed. In the vault is the steel safe where the sanctified platinum metre rests undisturbed in the cold and the darkness.

Once in six or seven years the scientific representatives of 28 nations assemble and march in procession to inspect solemnly the imprisoned metre. Imprisoned it is, for to the vault there are seven different keys, which must open doors one after the other in order to reach the platinum bar, and four of these keys are kept in different parts of the world.

The Visit to the Vault

At certain periods it is examined by three delegates at a time, who go together into the little vault, 25 feet below the ground, where there is no shaking and where the temperature never changes year in and year out by more than two degrees Centigrade. Thermometers are kept there which prove it, though, of course, the temperature rises when the little vault is entered.

When the delegates are satisfied that all is in order the President of the International Commission locks the steel safe, a steel door in the white enamelled walls of the vault, another steel door outside the vault, and a third door up a small flight of steps. The fourth door is in the east wall of a central room in the house called the Bureau International des Poids et Mesures. The other three keys are of doors in the building, and are kept by separate French officials.

Bar that is Never Handled

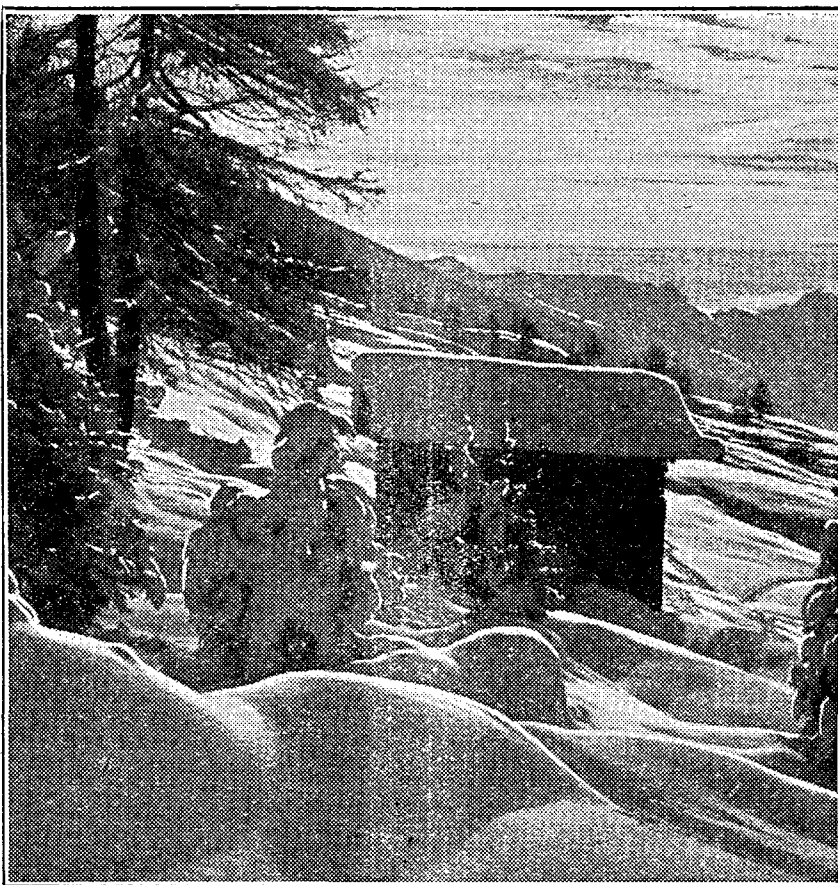
The bar is never handled; nobody touches it; and the shape of it, the unchanging temperature at which it is kept, and the rare visitations of it, are all framed with the purpose of preventing the alteration of its length by the one ten-millionth part.

How, then, could the Japanese delegate measure the Japanese metre by the side of the unique French metre? He did not. He measured it with delicate optical instruments by the side of two other standard metres, which were made after the first one that has just been described, and which repose, jealously guarded, in other rooms of the building.

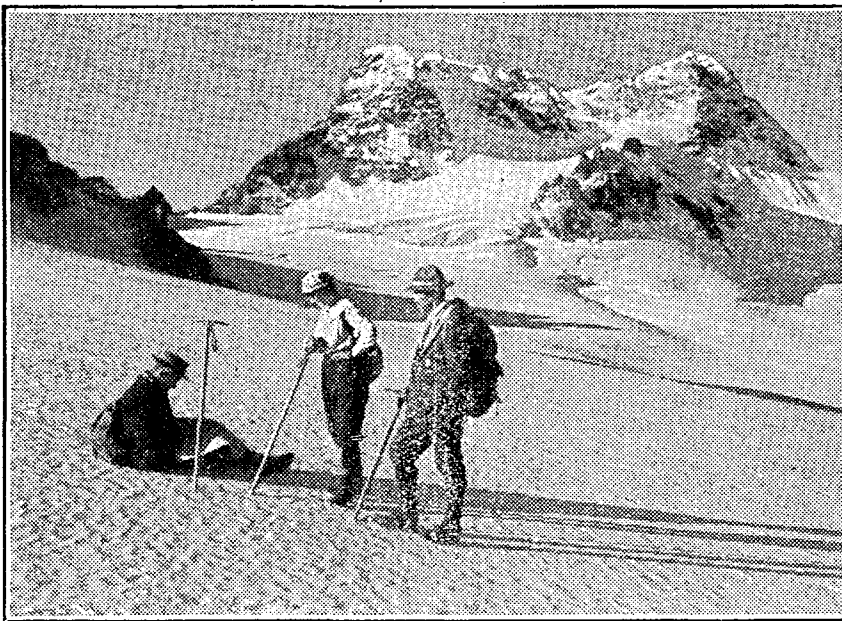
CLIMBING THE ALPS IN EARLY SPRING



A party going up the Strela Pass on skis



The snow makes the mountains beautiful to look upon but difficult to climb



A little rest on the way up

Mountain climbing in the Alps is strenuous work at the best of times, but in winter and early spring it is both difficult and dangerous, owing to the falling snow. Nevertheless, daring visitors attempt to conquer some of the peaks, and here we see a party nearing the top

A NEW INDUSTRY SUBSTITUTE FOUND FOR FLAX

The Wrapping Round the Body of Tutankhamen

WILL THE NEW FIBRE RIVAL COTTON AND LINEN?

Linen has been getting scarcer and dearer for several years past, and the growing shortage, with an ever-increasing demand, has set men seeking for some suitable substitute.

At last they seem to have found it, and there is every prospect that a great new industry has been born and will grow in somewhat the same way as the mighty cotton industry grew.

Flax is the oldest of all cultivated fibre plants, and till the growing of cotton in the United States became a great industry it was the most important of the world's fibre crops.

The Lake-dwellers of Switzerland used to grow it in the Stone Age, and wild flax probably grew in Assyria and in the Nile Valley before it was brought under cultivation. Even the most ancient of the Egyptian mummies were wrapped in linen made from flax, and we may be sure (though we write before his sarcophagus has been opened) that the body of Tutankhamen will be wrapped in it.

Garden Flower Becomes Useful

This material, which before the war was about £32 a ton, is now from £100 to £150, and there is every prospect of it rising higher. For many uses to which it is put cotton and silk are quite unsuitable, hence the need for some other material to take its place. A perfect substitute has now been found in the flax lily of New Zealand.

This plant was introduced into England simply as a garden flower more than half a century ago, before New Zealand received its first white colonists. The plant was a good one for the garden, and it can be easily propagated by division of the bulbous roots.

Then someone found that the leaves were very fibrous and began to experiment with them. String and cord were made, and proved very satisfactory. But some finer use for the fibre was desired, and, further, the plant itself needed improving for textile purposes.

A Big Yield

Lord Ventry, with the help of the expert botanists of Kew Gardens and the Royal Horticultural Society, carried out a process of selection, and year after year grew fresh plants, always choosing those whose leaves yielded the best imitation of flax when soaked and dried, or retted, as they say in the textile trade.

For seven years the experiments have gone on, and now the fibre obtained from the leaf rivals the very best flax in strength and other qualities. The plant will grow admirably in such climates as those of Great Britain, New Zealand, France, Belgium, and Tasmania, and is no more difficult to cultivate than ordinary garden lilies.

It has one tremendous advantage over flax, that whereas in many countries it does not pay to cultivate the flax because the yield is only about 630 pounds to an acre, the yield of the flax lily is 2240 pounds an acre.

IMITATING NATURE

An Artificial Throat

An artificial throat which makes recognisable sounds like the human throat has just been shown at the Royal Society by Sir Richard Paget, another astonishing example of the way in which science is able to copy Nature.

Artificial vowel sounds were made by blowing air through a model throat made of plasticine. An artificial larynx was made of india-rubber, and perfectly recognisable vowel sounds were produced with it.

LONELY ATLANTIC ISLAND

A BOY'S NOTES ON ASCENSION

Huge Flock of Bird Visitors and Their Ways

NOISE OF THE WIDE-AWAKES

The following account of bird life on the Ascension Island is by a boy from the island who is now at school in England, Lionel Shaw.

In the lonely island of Ascension, situated midway between Africa and America, 760 miles from St. Helena and 900 from Africa, the bird life is a remarkable feature.

One of the most wonderful sights is the nesting plain of the sooty terns at the height of the laying season. The local name for them is the wide-awake.

These birds visit the island in huge numbers every nine months for the purpose of laying their eggs and hatching the young. They lay an egg nearly as large as that of a fowl, yet the size of the bird is about that of a pigeon. The birds always visit a plain named Wide-awake Fair, and also an overflow plain called Little Wide-awake.

Defending the Eggs

The plains are covered with soft sand and are very flat. The largest, commonly known as Big Wide-awake, is about three-quarters of a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad. Little Wide-awake is about a quarter of a mile square. They are inland, and about four miles from Garrison, or Georgetown. Round them are edges of great black lava rocks and piles of volcanic stones.

The wide-awakes do not build nests, but deposit their eggs on the sand. When all have arrived one cannot walk the length of the plain without breaking an egg. These eggs are edible and have the taste of a mild duck's egg.

The noise made when one is walking through the breeding ground is so loud and piercing that one has to shout to be heard above the din. When the eggs are taken the birds will attack the offender, fiercely, making for his eyes. With their large spread of wing they will make a man's arm smart if they strike it.

The food of the wide-awake is small fish which are caught around Ascension, chiefly fry, mullet, and guardfish.

Diving Birds and Land Crabs

The birds go to the sea in flights. A flock leaves the plain under the command of two or three very large birds, and when these return another flock flies off, but their destination is unknown. They are excellent fishers, and dive from a great height, like a plummet dropping into the water.

The frigate bird also visits the island, but is not so plentiful. It mostly lives on a small island just off the coast named Bosun Birds' Island. The bosun bird has long white tail feathers, which are sometimes plucked out by sailors when they visit the island, and are prized as mementos.

Other curiosities of the island are the turtles and land crabs. The rollers are one of the features of the shore, and when really high are awe-inspiring. The island has only one spring of fresh water, about six miles from Georgetown. Its name is Dampier's Spring, because it was discovered by William Dampier, the famous explorer, when he was wrecked on the island.

The Weather of January

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 32.9	London . . . ins. 1.23
Hours of rain . . . 30.2	Sidmouth . . . ins. 1.92
Wet days . . . 15	Newcastle . . . ins. 1.25
Dry days . . . 16	Cardiff . . . ins. 2.82
Warmest day . . . 30th	Fort William ins. 12.64
Coldest day . . . 17th	Dublin . . . ins. 1.71

LIVING PUFFBALL

Beetle that Folds Itself Up

QUEER INSECT FOUND IN NEW BRUNSWICK

By a South Kensington Correspondent

A beetle that breeds in puffballs has been found in North America. It is an abnormal specimen of that family whose members are usually found living in much tougher stuff—dead dry wood.

It is assumed that the mother beetles lay their eggs in or on this fungus. Although Mr. Harry B. Weiss, of New Brunswick, who writes of the beetles, did not discover any eggs; he came across numerous larvae feeding in the soft, white inside of young puffballs of a particular species.

In spite of the presence of these larvae—and sometimes these were slightly more than 100—the puffball goes on completing its development.

When autumn comes, and the puffball begins to ripen and become powdery, each larva prepares for its transformation. This it does by making a small oval cell in the powdery mass near the leathery skin. Having completed the cell, the larva rests for a couple of days and then changes into a pupa. In about a fortnight it has become a beetle, which bites a hole in the skin large enough to enable it to escape into the outside world.

Seeking Food and Shelter

And now it has to live a free life for several months, seeking shelter and food where it can, and fortifying itself against the rigours of winter—for its puffballs only appear in summer and early autumn, so the mother beetle has to wait many months before she can find a suitable place for laying her eggs.

To help the beetles to dodge their enemies and live safely through all this time they have the wonderful ability to pack themselves up into a little ball that resembles a small seed. Directly they are disturbed they shut their legs together, bend their antennae into a special cavity in the breast, and fold the head down over the chest so that it closes the cavity, and—there is nothing but a little ball to baffle the enemy.

THE OTTER AND THE MOTOR-BUS

A Curious Adventure

A motor-bus travelling between Baslow and Chesterfield has had an unusual adventure. It has run over and killed a splendid otter on the highway, two miles from the River Derwent, in which the animal had its home.

The meeting was an unusual one, for many of us are fated to go through life without ever seeing one of those delightful kings of quiet waterways. Otters abound, but such is their skill in hiding themselves and their homes that we seldom catch sight of them.

But that an otter should be found two miles from water need not have caused so much surprise. Though they are superb swimmers, and feed mainly on fish and make their little houses in the banks of streams, otters are true land animals. They travel far at night.

Evidently the old idea still exists that these animals are, if not partly fish, entirely fish-like in their habits.

No British mammal is more misunderstood. It has always been so. Even Shakespeare, who was a first-rate naturalist, was not clear about the nature of the otter, and he makes Falstaff say the otter is neither fish nor flesh.

Old theories about otters were as quaint and erroneous as, doubtless, an otter's opinion about motor-buses is; but what that opinion is this poor beauty from the Derwent will never be able to make us understand. When a motor-bus and an otter meet it is the bus which continues the story.

THE LITTLE ISLANDS OF GREAT BRITAIN

Will They Pay for Security?

A CALL FROM THEIR BIG NEIGHBOUR

The war echoes continue to resound in regions that possibly did not expect to hear them. The islands round Great Britain which do not come under the customary forms of government of the rest of the country are being asked to bear their fair share of the financial war burden.

The Channel Islands and the Isle of Man have their own local governments. The men they sent to the war went as volunteers, and paid a share in the human loss. Now the islands are being asked to acknowledge also a share in the debts that have to be paid off.

Guernsey has been told that her share might suitably be £250,000 a year, and £325,000 is suggested for Jersey, while the Isle of Man has heard that £150,000 a year would be welcomed.

Probably the islanders will be surprised, but their taxes are light, and security is worth its cost wherever one may live. It will be interesting to observe how far this truth is cheerfully accepted. So far only Jersey has raised serious objections; although, while adhering to her right of exemption, she appears willing to make an unconditional gift to the Imperial Exchequer.

Taxes in Great Britain amount to £17 a head; in Jersey to £3 8s.; in Guernsey to £3 7s. Income tax in Britain is £7 13s. a head; in Guernsey, 16s.; in Jersey, nothing. If the Isle of Man paid her share of war expenses at the British rate her share would be £270,000; but she is only asked for £150,000.

These figures show that the islands have not much cause for grumbling unless they think lightly of their partnership with their big neighbour.

LIFE OF AN OLD STREET

Roman Way Coming to Light

AMADA'S LITTLE CUP

When the Romans were in Britain they drove one of their firm, well-paved, lasting roads diagonally right across England from the Kentish coast to the Dee, taking in London on its way.

That sea to sea thoroughfare was a busy scene 1800 years ago. Civilisation gathered along it. Now the road is being excavated and widened or remade as one of the great motor roads, and the digging that is going on, as nearly 2000 men labour to give the old route a new life, reveals some curious proofs of how little change has taken place in some of the habits of the people.

In that far-off time, for instance, near Southfleet in Kent, a little Roman or British girl became the proud possessor of a cup on which her name was scratched, AMADA. How it came to be buried whole nobody can say, but buried it was, for it has been unearthed by the workers who are widening old Watling Street.

Many other relics are being brought to light, fragments of pottery, whole vessels like Amada's cup, some with the potter's name impressed on them, querns, or hand mills, for grinding corn, terra-cotta lamps, bronze pins, and coins.

At Dartford a bronze brooch has been found in such a perfect state of preservation that after 1800 years it could be used today for its original purpose. The point of the pin falls into a socket, as with a modern safety-pin, and shows that our ways and those of our forefathers are very near.

Pictures on page 12

WHAT LABOUR THINKS OF BOLSHIEVISM

A Labour M.P. in the House of Commons, amid the cheers of his Party, described the Bolshevik Government as "a malevolent autocracy that had waded through murder, blood, and disease."

OLD WHITGIFT

Shall it be Pulled Down?

A FEW POUNDS AND A BEAUTIFUL THING

A contest that has now begun in earnest between the borough of Croydon and twelve societies which exist to preserve old and beautiful buildings ought to be watched with interest throughout the whole country.

Croydon has decided, by 8379 votes against 6514, that it wishes to demolish its Whitgift Hospital, which is more than three hundred years old and is a national treasure. The reason is that the hospital obstructs traffic in a street.

Before the war the widening of the street was considered and a plan was prepared that avoided interference with this old building, which is one of Croydon's few glories; but the war came, the plan was never carried out, and the money borrowed for the improvement was spent in other ways. Now Croydon is fascinated by the idea that pulling down the old hospital is the cheapest method of widening its inconvenient street.

The question as it strikes people who do not live at Croydon is whether old, beautiful, and interesting buildings shall be preserved at some sacrifice; but a majority in Croydon think that the important question is how cheaply a street can be widened, without reference to architecture or long associations.

Where the Archbishops Lived

The hospital, or almshouses and schools as now modernised, was endowed by Archbishop Whitgift, an energetic prelate who was the son of a wealthy Grimsby merchant. For centuries Croydon was a place of residence for Archbishops of Canterbury, and Whitgift proved himself its generous benefactor. Croydon owes a good deal to him, which she forgets when she demolishes the homes he built for the poor.

And even supposing that so benevolent a donor need expect no consideration from posterity, might not Croydon have some regard for people of taste everywhere else who wish to see the monuments of past ages preserved? A good deal more might be said about the borough were it not that it contains 6500 people who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of cheapness.

Of course Croydon will not win this fight with the past. She cannot win, for Parliament will intervene and save Whitgift from the vandals. But it seems a pity that Croydon should throw away so great an opportunity as has come her way.

Picture on page 12

THE SCENT FROM THE TOMB

Still Fragrant After Thirty Centuries

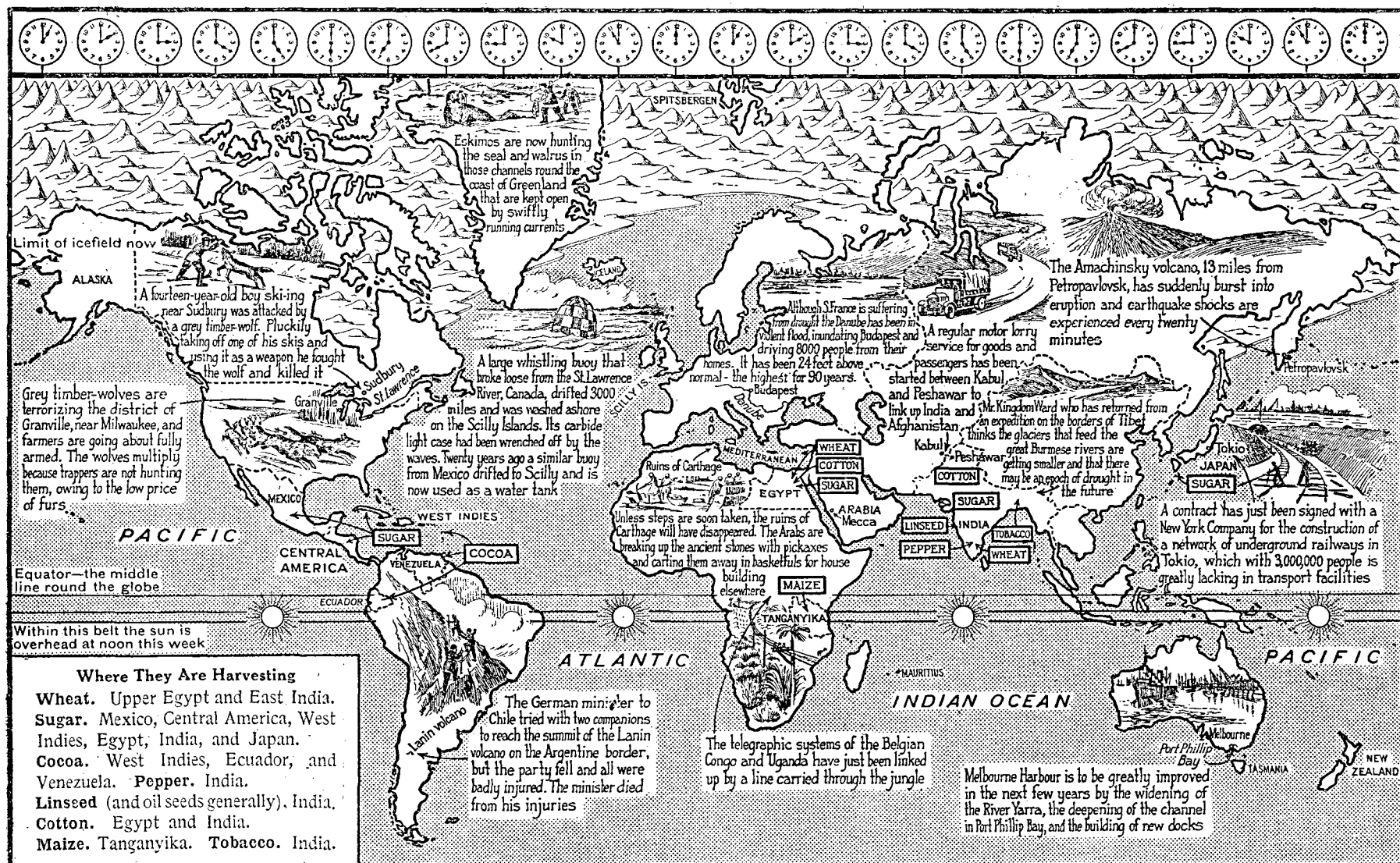
The sense of smell is not one of the nobler senses; it makes little appeal either to the emotions or the intellect; but still the love of scents is universal.

It is not very surprising to learn that little pots of scent have been found in Tutankhamen's tomb. The Egyptians, indeed, had a particular love of perfumes. They offered them to their gods; they used them to anoint their guests and to embalm their dead; and Queen Hatshepsut, a predecessor of King Tutankhamen's queen, Ankhepaaten, actually sent an expedition to Punt to collect scents for her boudoir.

The little pots of scented fat might therefore have been expected; but it is rather remarkable to find that the scent, after 3000 years, can still be detected by the nose.

With the exception of musk, which gives off odour as long as it lasts, we know of no scent that retains its potency for thousands of years. It would be interesting to learn the nature of this extraordinarily persistent perfume.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE HUNGRY DEER

A Little Herd Becomes a Great Host

SPORT OR AGRICULTURE?

New Zealand is experiencing the same trouble with the deer as Australia with the rabbit.

About a hundred deer were originally taken to New Zealand from Europe, with the object of finding a use for waste land, but the herds have now increased so much that the deer have begun to invade the farms and eat up the pasture.

Forestry is also suffering, as the deer eat up the undergrowth, without which forests gradually die.

As an example of the damage done, one sheep-run which formerly carried 100,000 sheep now provides pasture for only 65,000, while the total damage is said to be £173,000 a year.

At present the deer are protected to provide hunting, but New Zealanders are now protesting that too much can be paid for sport, and that industry should have first consideration. Certainly the deer problem will have to be dealt with in the near future if farming is to be continued on a profitable basis.

4900-MILE WIRELESS

A Record

What is presumed to be the record reception of long-distance wireless telephony has been reported from Sebring, Florida.

Using a 4-valve set, besides receiving Seattle, 3300 miles distant over land, the operator claims to have received three selections and two announcements from station K D Y X at Honolulu, in Hawaii, 4900 miles away.

Wireless messages are much more absorbed while travelling over land than over water, and, as more than half of these 4900 miles was over land, the record is specially remarkable.

O.H.M.S.

How the Post Office Earns Three-Halfpence

There is one place at least in the Empire where the three-halfpenny post is warranted. It is a postal route on which the Canadian Government loses thousands of dollars every year, the 1600-mile delivery to the Far North.

His Majesty's mails, however, must go wherever the Union Jack flies, and as we read this one of the three-monthly Northland mails is on its long, weary, heartbreaking trek.

From the end of the rail to Fort MacPherson, on the Arctic coast, is over 1600 miles, and all this distance has to be travelled laboriously with dog teams. Even with conditions favourable the best time that a dog team can make is 25 miles a day, so it will be seen that it is not by any means child's play to earn that three-halfpenny stamp.

With the temperature well down below zero, the dogs have to be kept fit, blizzards encountered, wolves beaten off, and a thousand and one other obstacles met and overcome.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Two Chinese lacquer plaques	£3800
An engraving by Bartolozzi	£670
An Elizabethan lady's jacket	£220
First edition of Pickwick Papers	£190
A George III silver kettle	£166
Tudor embroidered cushion cover	£80
A Queen Anne silver tankard	£77
A Chelsea china figure	£73
Pair of embroidered gloves of 1600	£60
Charles II silver porringer	£50
Italian inlaid ivory cabinet	£46
Pair of Queen Anne candlesticks	£43
An 1869 U.S.A. stamp	£36
A George II teapot	£32
A Philip II silver coin	£18

THE BLACK COUNTRY

HUMS AGAIN

And the Bright Skies Go

From a Black Country Correspondent

The Black Country is recovering its accustomed gloom.

For over two years the trade depression caused its factories to stand idle and filled its market squares with unemployed. For a long time this heart of industrial England seemed almost derelict; its foundries and mills were silent, its blast-furnaces were cold, its factory yards were lifeless.

And gradually the pall of smoke which till then had never ceased to darken the Black Country began to lift, and the C.N. told how the inhabitants saw sunsets such as they had rarely seen before. And the Black Country children revelled in a purer sunshine than they had known before.

But now the old clatter is heard in the rolling-mills, the forests of stacks are sending up clouds of smoke again, and the crowds of unemployed are very steadily dwindling.

The misery of poverty gets happily less and less as the skies grow grey and the atmosphere grows thick and dense and the sunshine is shut out. The Black Country people are glad; how can they be anything but glad that so long a period of depression should be passing away?

Yet it is a great pity that millions of workers should have to gain their livelihood in a smoky, poisonous atmosphere; it is a tragedy that so many of them should spend their lives in gloomy streets where pure sunshine and fresh breezes are almost unknown.

There is certainly no good reason why it should be so—if Parliament cared anything at all about these things.

MOSQUITOES AND DISEASE

Much Ado About a Little Danger

The Mediterranean mosquitoes are among the deadliest carriers of disease, and Sir Humphry Rolleston, president of the Royal College of Physicians, and other distinguished medical authorities have expressed a fear that these pests, migrating westwards in the spring, may bring with them germs of smallpox, typhus, cholera, and other diseases now ravaging the Near East.

No doubt there is some danger that diseases may be transmitted in this way, but the statement in an alarmist daily paper that "deadly mosquitoes from disease-ridden Greece may swarm over Europe in a few weeks' time, bringing millions of germs of deadly scourges," is certainly a considerable exaggeration of the danger.

It is impossible that swarms of mosquitoes could fly from Asia Minor or Greece to Western Europe; the mosquito has very limited powers of flight, and the chance of any mosquito with its germs covering many miles is very remote. The only mosquitoes likely to reach Western Europe from the East would be a few imported with fruit.

It may be pointed out that malaria—a disease carried by mosquitoes—has been in Greece for centuries; but there is no evidence that malaria has been carried to neighbouring countries, far less to Western Europe, by mosquitoes.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bahais	Bah-ha-eez
Bartolozzi	Bar-to-loht-se
Cheops	Ke-ops
Hussein	Hoo-syn
Leibnitz	Lyp-nitz
Sarcophagus	Sar-kof-ah-gus
Seattle	Se-at-tel
Sikhs	Seeks
Zodiacal	Zo-di-ah-kal

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 3 1923

Leave Him Where He Lies

MORE than a thousand years before the world had heard of Bethlehem, the Egyptians carried Pharaoh to his rest.

They laid him in the most secret place in which a body could be hid, in a sealed-up chamber in the heart of a great mountain.

All through the centuries Tutankhamen slept. Egypt's greatness passed. Greece with all her glory came—with Socrates who died because he would not tell a lie.

Rome with all her grandeur came and passed away. Jesus was born. Mohammed came and went, and Buddha too. Carthage and Babylon and Assyria grew great and were forgotten. Dynasties were founded and their kingdoms perished. Europe began to be. King Alfred rose in England and Charlemagne in France. The Conqueror came from Normandy. Columbus found America. The Spanish Empire ruled the sea with a rod of iron and Francis Drake made an end of it.

Shakespeare and Milton came. The Mayflower sailed to the United States and laid the foundations of the greatest nation on the Earth. Charles the First and Cromwell came and went. John Wesley rode through England. Captain Cook explored Australia.

The telescope came and showed us worlds undreamed of out in boundless space; the microscope came and showed us worlds undreamed of in the heart of every speck of matter that we see. James Watt came with his engine, George Stephenson with his Rocket, and Robert Fulton with his steamship. Men made machines to do the things men could not do themselves. The telephone and the telegraph came, and at last men threw their words into space and sent them everywhere. The old world went, and the new world came.

All this time slept Tutankhamen, and no man knew where.

They laid him in a shrine of gold to await his immortality. He believed that he would wake again, and the little world of the things he loved was buried with him that he should not be disappointed when he woke.

Now the long sleep of Pharaoh has been broken; the secret of his golden tomb has been revealed and all men know today what no man knew before. What will they do with Tutankhamen? He died believing in the future. Will that future he believed in see him made a mummy in a show-room? They laid their king in a golden house with faith and hope. Shall we, who share their faith and hope, seize his house of gold and label him in a case of glass?

We hope it will not be. We believe the world will wish the king to lie still where he is. It has been a long, long sleep; let us leave him where he lies. A.M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Note for History

FRANCE owes Britain £583,000,000, and Italy owes Britain £503,000,000. Britain offered to forgive both these debts if France would refrain from going to the Ruhr, and adopt the British policy of peace instead.

It is worth while putting a fact like this on record. There have been few offers like it in the history of the world.

Brownie

"THERE'S nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so" is a saying with many meanings that has been a good deal overworked lately; but one of its meanings flashed home quite freshly when we heard a true story of an Aldershot lassie, a Brownie in the Girl Guides.

She fell into a bath of boiling water and scalded herself so badly that the doctor thought some children would have died under the pain and shock. But not so our Brownie. This is how she braced herself up and pulled through. She had what used to be called a talisman. It was expressed in the words: "I mustn't cry; for I'm a Brownie, and Brownies don't cry."

Just a bit of settled thinking made all the difference. To be a genuine Brownie—What a fine ideal! Not to cry—What a triumph! And so the pain and shock were met and driven off. We thank the Chief Guide of the 500,000 Guides in the world for this spirit growing up.

Are we providing our children and ourselves copiously enough with fine settled ideas of what should be admired and what should be shunned? Do they lie firmly placed in the mind ready for use? A fine impulse, fully accepted so as to be spontaneously at call, may save a life or do other noble services. We should see that there are plenty of them about.

The World is Getting Better

A CHIEF constable in the North of England believes that the Drink Traffic is loosening its hold on the people because the people are changing their habits and not because they are poorer or drink is dearer.

We believe so, too; we believe that Drink is doomed, and will take with it into oblivion all its brood of children—Plague, Poverty, Disease, Insanity, and Ruin.

There can be no doubt the chief constable of Preston is right. In an old diary now being published we find the writer recording an extraordinary fact: *He had met a man who knew a man who had never been drunk!*

Which reminds us that Saint Augustine recorded an extraordinary fact in his time: *That his father never beat his mother!*

The chief constable and Dr. Coué are both right. It is hard to believe it, but with every generation the world gets better and better and better.

Bored to Death

IT may encourage us, when we are struggling to learn a hard lesson, so fitting ourselves to understand life better, that, according to one of the greatest men who ever lived, the scholar is the only person in the world who is never bored. This wise man found that everything else on Earth sooner or later bores the human mind, but that learning is a joy and delight up to the very end.

Tip-Cat

MR. W. J. BRYAN wants a new way of electing American Presidents. As he has been beaten twice nobody can blame him for not liking the old way.

THERE is much to be said for the old virtue of saving. But we cannot say it if we want to save our breath.

IT has become known that one of the rules drawn up for secretaries to the War Cabinet was that "no member should laugh at any statement made by a minister." There was no rule against weeping in similar cases.

HONESTY is the best policy. (To politicians: This includes foreign policy.)

WE shudder to think what will become of the victors if another war is lost by Germany.

DR. COUÉ has had a most peaceful voyage across the Atlantic, in spite of

rough weather. He said to his dinner, Stay down, stay down, stay down!

THE American conscience is beginning to make itself heard, says an American statesman. Louder, please!

EVERYBODY should learn to drive a car, we read. This is specially true of those who now sit behind the steering-wheel.

The Bible

DOES the Bible retain its place in the average household? We do not mean is it read as it was read in the past, as a frequent duty? But is it there at all?

One of our grown-up readers has a class numbering 28. Its members are not drawn from the poorest working folk. She wished for some reference to be made to the Bible at home, but found that only in eight of the 28 homes was there a Bible.

Seeing that the Bible is by far the most talked of book in the world, and the cheapest as well as the best, considered simply as a book apart from its great place in the spiritual history of mankind, are not these figures astonishing?

For Ever Young

By Harold Begbie

NOW here's a truth worth knowing,

Let all the world be told—
So long as you are growing
You never can grow old;
Life's page is always turning,
Earth's story knows no lull,
So long as you are learning
You never can be dull.

OLD grows the stupid maiden,
Old grows the brainless youth;
With care all souls are laden
That seek not after truth;
But grow and grow in knowledge
Till up your years are piled,
And Earth shall be your college,
And you a radiant child.

LET fools run after dollars,
Let madmen bawl and fight,
This life was made for scholars,
And children love the Light.

Robert Browning's Cook

From a Correspondent

SHE sat up in bed, a picturesque old figure in a close-fitting white cap, with the scarlet wrap of the infirmity thrown round her shoulders. Ninety-six years had not taken the rosiness out of her cheeks or the twinkle from her blue eyes.

"He was a good master to me, Mr. Robert Browning was," she said, "and he was a good husband to the Missus, too. Never a night did he dine away from her all the years of their married life. I know, for I was cook to them; and, when Missus was gone, I stayed on with him and looked to him.

"Fond of barrel organs, he was," she went on in a reminiscent vein. "Never you send one of them organ-grinders away from my house, Mrs. Cawley," he'd say. And he never gave them anything but silver.

Garibaldi Call

"All sorts of visitors, Master had. One day a foreign-looking gentleman came to the door; but I didn't like the look of him, so I shut the door in his face." And she chuckled to herself.

"Master came running downstairs. 'Who was that, Mrs. Cawley?' says he.

"'I don't know, sir,' I said. 'He wore a long black cloak and a black slouch hat, and I didn't like the look of him, and shut the door in his face.'

"'Oh, Mrs. Cawley,' he says—'my dear friend Garibaldi!' And he ran down the street after him and brought him back to the house."

"And what did you think of his poetry, Mrs. Cawley?" I inquired, for this side of her master's personality she had so far ignored.

She sat up rather more erect at this, looked at me over her large-rimmed spectacles, and the wrinkles in her rosy old face deepened.

"Missus wrote lovely poetry," she said—"lovely poetry she wrote. But I don't hold with Master's rubbish!"

Big Ben's Prayer

These are the words to which the bells of Big Ben ring out every hour over London.

All through this hour
Be Thou my guide;
That, by Thy power,
No step may slide.

IS SHAKESPEARE'S PEN IN THE ABBEY?

WHAT PROBABLY LIES IN A GRAVE

The Remarkable Scene at Spenser's Funeral

A TREASURE SURPASSING TUTANKHAMEN'S

The discovery of the treasure in the tomb of a Pharaoh has directed attention to tombs more dear to humanity; and a suggestion has been thrown out which causes us to wince.

The suggestion is that we should open the grave of Edmund Spenser to look for a poem written by Shakespeare! Westminster Abbey has been the scene of many crimes, of even robbery and murder, but it will not happen again.

For the Abbey is our temple of kings—not merely kings whom crowns and sceptres made monarchs, but kings of intellect, whose memory glows in human hearts. Tennyson, Darwin, Dickens, Macaulay, Livingstone, Herschel, Dr. Johnson, Dryden, Browning, and Chaucer are among the true kings of humanity whose sacred dust mingles with that of Spenser.

A Sweet Garland of Praise

The funeral of Edmund Spenser was provided by the generosity of the doomed royal favourite, the Earl of Essex, for the poet had been reduced to sudden poverty by events in Ireland resembling those happening there now.

There can never have been another funeral like that, for all the literary nobles and poets of the time attended it; they wrote poems in honour of their dead friend, and threw them, with the pens which had written them, into the grave. It is believed that Shakespeare was present, and was one of the contributors to that sad, sweet garland of praise. If that were so, then his poem and his pen are in that grave.

The vault has never been opened since the day it closed over the remains of the author of the Faerie Queene. Would Shakespeare's manuscript be preserved if it is there?

The Bonds of Genius

The search will surely not be made, though the prize would be rich, for we have not a shred of Shakespeare's writing save a few signatures on deeds. But we know what Shakespeare would have thought of such a rifling of a tomb. His own grave at Stratford, which is 17 feet deep, bears this verse:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

We can hardly believe that Shakespeare wrote a rhyme like that, but he certainly would have had us respect the tomb of Spenser, for they were drawn to each other by the bonds of genius. Spenser refers to Shakespeare as one

Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,

Doth, like himself, heroically sound,
meaning the sound of the name, Shake Spear; and Shakespeare alludes to the tragic end of poor Spenser when he says:

The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.

Some of us would exchange all the riches of Tutankhamen for a manuscript of Shakespeare's, but would not gamble on gaining it by dishonouring this tomb—the tomb of him who wrote

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he ever mercie hope to have?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems were taken from the grave of his wife after they had been there nine years, but even the beauty of the poems has never made the memory of this transaction easy to bear.

MR. KIPLING TELLS A STORY

MR. KIPLING has been talking to the doctors, and among the good things he told them was this old legend.

Once upon a time, or rather at the very birth of Time, when the gods were so new that they had no names, and Man was still damp from the clay of the pit whence he had been digged, Man claimed that he, too, was in some sort a deity.

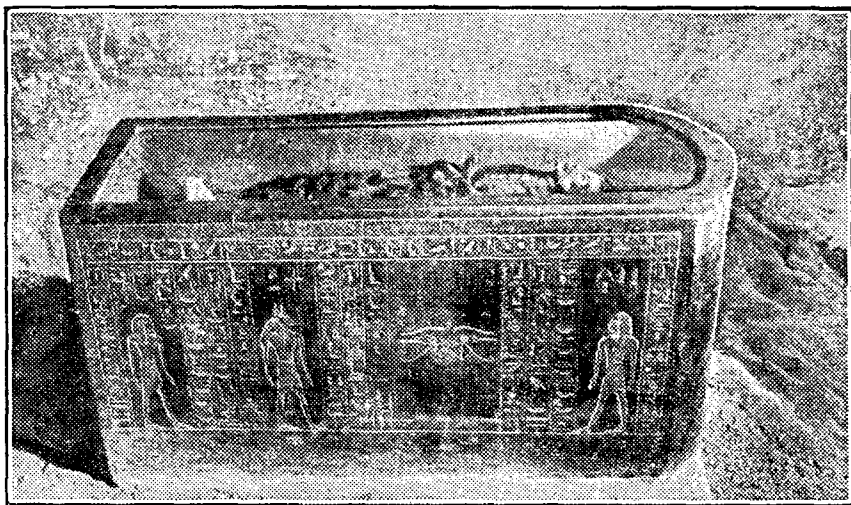
The gods were as just in those days as they are now. They weighed his evidence, and decided that Man's claim was good.

Having conceded Man's claim, the legend goes that they came by stealth and stole away this godhead, with intent to hide it where Man should never find it again. But this was none so easy. If they hid it anywhere on Earth, the gods foresaw that Man

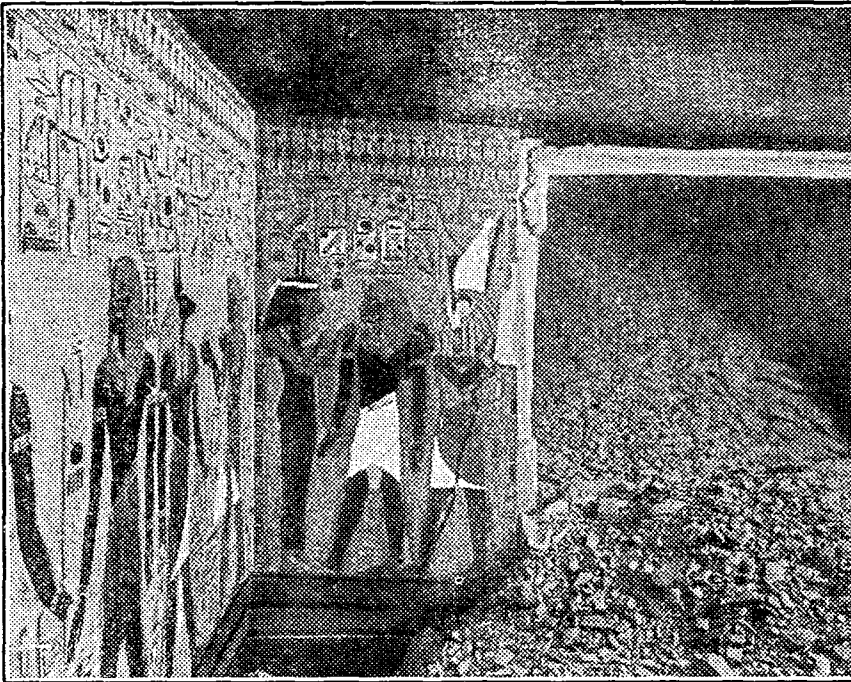
would leave no stone unturned till he had recovered it. If they concealed it among themselves, they feared Man might in the end batter his way up even to the skies.

And while they were all thus at a stand, the wisest of the gods, who afterwards became the god Brahm, said, "I know. Give it to me!" And he closed his hand upon the tiny, unstable light of Man's stolen godhead, and when that great hand opened again the light was gone. "All is well," said Brahm. "I have hidden it where Man will never dream of looking for it. I have hidden it inside Man himself." "Yes, but whereabouts inside Man have you hidden it?" all the other gods asked. "Ah," said Brahm, "that is my secret, and always will be unless and until Man discovers it for himself."

PHARAOH ASLEEP IN HIS TOMB



Amenhotep II in his tomb in the Valley of the Kings, where his people left him 3000 years ago



The kind of scene that greets the explorers when they enter a royal tomb

The whole world has been waiting with excitement for the opening of the inner chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb, and the lower picture shows what is usually found when the resting-place of a Pharaoh is entered after many centuries. The upper picture shows a Pharaoh actually in his tomb. See next column and page one

HORSE SHOES AND FOREST FIRES

THE destruction caused by forest fires in America has been stupendous, but their origin has often been obscure.

Now the forestry officials begin to suspect that some of the fires have been due to sparks struck from flint or granite by the iron shoes of galloping horses, and they are planning to make compulsory the use of copper shoes in timber countries. The shoes are made of copper alloyed with tin to increase their hardness, and they give out no spark when striking granite or flint.

Sparks from copper shoes are impossible. The sparks from steel, or iron, or iron pyrites, consist of tiny particles of the metal rendered incandescent by

friction, and by the chemical combination of the iron with silica in the flint. The copper, even when hardened, does not give off these particles, nor does it form combinations with silica.

In this connection it is very interesting to note that the Dakotas claim that they obtained fire from a friendly panther which scampered over a stony hill and struck sparks with its claws; and that a North American legend relates how a great buffalo set the prairies ablaze with sparks struck by his flying hoofs.

Claws and hoofs are incapable of striking sparks, but it is curious that these stories are so suggestive of the latest explanation of "mystery fires."

WHERE SHOULD PHARAOH LIE?

GLASS CASE OR GREAT PYRAMID?

Let Him Sleep Among His Hills Where His People Laid Him

AMENHOTEP FAST ASLEEP

Where should Pharaoh be reburied if his body must be moved? No man in the world ever had so secret a resting-place as he. Is his body, found after its long sleep and revealed amid a blaze of publicity such as no other man of the ancient world has ever known, to be an exhibit in a museum glass case?

Sir Rider Haggard has written a letter to The Times urging that Tutankhamen's mummy, if it is to be moved at all, should be taken, together with the mummies of other Pharaohs, and laid in one of the chambers of the Great Pyramid; and that thereafter the chamber should be sealed up with concrete in such a fashion that only the destruction of the entire block of acres of solid stone could again unseal it.

A Great Part in History

Certainly no one possessed of true historical imagination and a sense of the eternal fitness of things can think of these ancient Pharaohs rotting, half-naked, in museums without feeling that an indignity has been done to the dead.

These dead kings played great parts in great dramas of history, and now their bones are made a show for tourists. In a museum case they are simply mouldering flesh and rotting rags—"a hunk of bone and a hank of hair"—and even the liveliest imagination must find it impossible to restore them to their real historical setting.

In offending the dead Pharaohs and their religious faith we offend also the spirit of history and the best feelings of humanity. There is no inspiration, no enlightenment, to be gained from gazing on shrunken corpses in glass cases.

Within the Iron Hills

But we doubt whether Sir Rider Haggard's plan is the best one. Anyone who has read the chapter in "Arthur Mee's Golden Year" describing the crooked crawl along the tunnels into the Great Pyramid will realise that to convey great stone coffins along that route would be almost impossible.

There seems to be a better solution of the question. Leave Pharaoh where he wished to be—"sealed within the iron hills." If he must be sealed up against robbers and body-snatchers it is not beyond the ingenuity of modern engineers to put a seal of concrete at the door strong enough to resist all attacks. But we question the necessity for such precautions. At present one of the most touching sights in the Valley of the Kings is the mummy of Amenhotep II still lying in his tomb where he was laid more than three thousand years ago.

Playing in Pharaoh's Palace

There he lies in the depths of the earth, surrounded by pictures of the gods he believed in. There he lies with a bit of mimosa on his breast. The Editor of the C.N. has looked into his thin, withered face, and we read in his Golden Year that the mind refuses to believe that we are looking into the face of a king whose eyes have been closed for over thirty centuries.

So real is it all, such appeal does the scene make to the imagination, that, looking at the three bodies lying near him, we "like to think that the woman with the black hair flowing down her shoulders played in Pharaoh's palace with that boy beside her, and to fancy that in the morning they will wake up again, and she will turn and kiss him."

Let us place the Pharaohs in their own tombs, and, if we will, leave some of them accessible, for the Egyptians are not likely to steal them away. They may be scarab-hunters, but they are not body-snatchers. Picture on page one

LONDON'S DRAGON

HOW TO SLAY IT

The Easy Way to Get Rid of the Fog Nuisance

BURN YOUR COAL PROPERLY

By Our Weather Correspondent

It will be welcome news to Londoners that the London County Council has begun to inquire into the possibility of ridding the metropolis of fog.

Whether the deliberations of the Council will solve the problem remains to be seen, but it is certain that if they are clever enough, patient enough, enterprising enough, and rich enough to succeed in overcoming this pestilential incubus the blessings of future generations of Londoners will rest upon them, and upon the experts whom they will call in to advise and assist them.

The inquiry is to examine two possible ways of achieving their object. The first is based upon opinions expressed by Sir Oliver Lodge that fog may be dissipated by means of an electrical discharge into the air.

The Size of a Fog

There is undoubtedly a close connection between fog and the electrical condition of the atmosphere. It has been shown that the amount of pollution in the air, to which fog is largely due, is associated with both the changes in electrical potential—the electrical state of the atmosphere—and in barometric pressure.

The reason for this connection is not fully understood, and it may be that the fog is the cause, not the effect, of the change in electrical potential. If so, in attempting to control fog by changing the electrical condition we may be trying to make the tail wag the dog, instead of the other way round.

It is to be expected, however, that any success on these lines will be too limited to be of much use. We may be able, at heavy expense, to dissipate a fog locally; but London fogs sometime cover thousands of square miles, and occasionally extend to considerable heights.

Preventing a Nuisance

Far more promising is the second suggestion, that of preventing fog.

Fog requires two well-recognised conditions for its formation: a suitable state of the atmosphere in respect of moisture and temperature; and the presence of large quantities of impurity in the air. If the first condition is not present, smoke and soot will be carried away into the upper air and dissipated by wind. If the second is missing the worst that a damp and chilled atmosphere can do is to produce thin mists.

We cannot hope to alter London's climate in the first respect, for the greater our knowledge of the weather becomes the more evident it seems that we are powerless to alter it. But the second cause of fog, the presence of pollution in the air, is not only capable of being completely changed, but has, in fact, been caused by our own stupidity.

Measuring the Dust in the Air

Recent work on the measurement of atmospheric dust and other impurities shows that the pollution is far greater over manufacturing cities than elsewhere. It has also been shown that domestic fires produce a very large proportion of it.

Here, then, lies the remedy. Smoke is the product of imperfectly burned fuel; and in particular the smoke of half-consumed coal is responsible for the formation of fog, for its particles are impregnated with tarry substances which prevent moisture condensed upon them from re-evaporating. This is one of the reasons for the great persistence of London fog.

If the Council were to introduce legislation to make it compulsory to burn fuel completely instead of only partially, which we have long known how to do, London's dragon, fog, would disappear.

DISCOVERY IN A KENT PIT

Ivory Tusk Twelve Feet Long

RELIC OF THE MAMMOTH DAYS

Some workmen digging in a gravel pit at Hayes, in Kent, laid bare, some weeks ago, a tusk twelve feet long; but unfortunately, as they attempted to remove it, it broke into pieces, which were quickly seized by souvenir hunters.

The great tusk certainly belonged to a mammoth, the gigantic, hairy elephant which roamed the world in the Glacial Period. This monster was from 16 to 18 feet high, and when its bones were first discovered, in the 16th century, they were thought to be the bones of giants, and gave rise to many learned treatises on giants.

In the 17th century mammoth tusks were found, and then the great chemist Leibnitz declared that bones and tusks must belong to unicorns, and for more than thirty years this belief prevailed. Then a whole skeleton was discovered, and recognised as a giant mammoth.

In 1700 no less than sixty tusks were found near Canstadt, and they became popular as a remedy for fever and colic.

Since that date bones of this great hairy elephant have been found all over the world, especially in Siberia, and quite a big trade in the ivory of mammoth tusks has been carried on. Sometimes in the ice of Northern Siberia mammoths have been found in a state of almost entire preservation.

At one time, therefore, these giants were very numerous, and the tusk just found at Kent tells of the days when herds of them lived in England.

RED MAN'S MONUMENT

Strange Tale Comes to Light

A curious story of the days when forests stood on the sites of big cities like Washington and Philadelphia is brought to mind by the discovery of a party of explorers in America.

Long ago, before the Indians had been driven from the coast, a Delaware chief died who had done the white man a great service. There was much mourning among the settlers as well as the Red people, and they decided to build him a monument that both races could have a share in.

They started making a big pile of brushwood, and it became the custom for every passer-by to throw something on it.

In a hundred years the pile was forty feet square and twenty feet high, and, as more and more brushwood was thrown on, the surrounding trees were stripped of their branches. The Indian's Pile gradually grew famous.

Then one day a railway line was built near the place, and the pile was cleared away. Even the spot on which it stood was forgotten until a party of scientists came across it not long ago.

It is strange to think that the wise chief of two hundred years ago is still remembered because of this odd memorial.

CHILDREN WHO HAD NEVER SEEN A COW

New Inmates for a Zoo

The municipal Zoo of St. Louis is placing an ordinary domestic cow, sheep, and pig among its exhibits because there are so many children living in the city who have never seen these animals.

The superintendent had a poll taken of child visitors, and out of 5376 who were questioned 40 per cent. had never seen a sheep, 17 per cent. had never seen a pig, and 12 per cent. had never seen a cow.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Increased employment is reported from the Durham iron and steel district.

The world's flying record has just been beaten in a two-mile flight at about 236 miles an hour by M. Sadi Lecoq.

A minor planet called Aethra, which was discovered in 1873 and was almost immediately lost, has been re-discovered.

Millionth of a Second

An instrument with which it is possible to record the millionth part of a second has been devised by M. Dufour, a Paris scientist.

Croaking Fishes

A number of gouramy—fishes that give an audible croak on coming to the surface of the water—have arrived at the Zoo from India.

Clyde Quays

There are now eleven miles of quays alongside the Clyde, and the Renfrew dock scheme, about to be begun, will add seven more miles.

Five Days to America

Running from Cherbourg to New York in five days, six hours, and thirteen minutes, the Majestic recently made a new Trans-Atlantic record.

Sir Edward Clarke

Sir Edward Clarke, one of the finest lawyers and most public-spirited Englishmen of our time, has just passed his eighty-second birthday.

Surgery Extraordinary

An eight-inch fork that was accidentally swallowed by a nine-year-old Woolwich girl has been removed without doing her any serious harm.

The Mark

Forty-five thousand million paper marks are issued every day in Germany, and 33 printing firms are working day and night to produce them.

Glut of Sprats

The harvest of sprats at Deal has been so great that the fishermen have had difficulty in landing their catches. Two million fish were brought in with one tide.

Abolishing Child Labour

A million and a half children under 16 work in the fields and factories of the United States, and a resolution is to be brought before Congress forbidding their employment.

A Beautiful Valley

Efforts are being made to preserve for the nation the beautiful Derbyshire valley of Dove Dale, by which George Eliot, Tom Moore, and Izaak Walton used to write.

Geyser in Italy

An amazing sight was seen in a Venetian village after an explosion. Yellow flames and boiling water poured out of the earth, the crater gradually widening till it was nine feet across.

79 Years in One House

Miss Ann Lucy Nicklin, who has just died aged 79 at Foleshill, Warwickshire, had lived in the house she was born in all her life, and had never slept out of it a single night. She had never seen the sea.

A Life for a Sheep

While a farmer was carrying home one of his sick sheep near Weston-super-Mare, its struggles caused him, to slip as he was crossing a footbridge, and he fell into the River Yeo and was drowned.

A Big Snake Hunt

A pile of sawdust from an American vessel deposited near Bordeaux during the war was found to contain 340 live snakes, all of which were killed. Six hundred snakes' eggs inside the sawdust heap were also destroyed.

Palestine's Population

The census recently taken shows that the present population of Palestine is 755,858, made up of 589,564 Moslems, 83,794 Jews, 73,026 Christians, 7028 Druses, 163 Samaritans, 265 Bahais, 156 Metawali, 1454 Hindoos, and 408 Sikhs.

English Honour for an American Astronomer

Professor A. A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, the astronomer who first measured the diameters of stars by means of the interferometer, as described in the C.N. some time ago, has received the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society.

MR. STARLING AND

MR. ROOK

SCIENTIFIC TRIAL OF BIRDS

Doctor Takes Notes and Finds Them Guilty

WHAT 10,000 ROOKS EAT

Who does not know the sheeny coat and the waddling gait of the starling and the squabbling of the noisy rookery? We all have a natural love for birds, but here are two species which from time to time have been accused of many depredations, though they have not lacked defenders.

We are bringing scientific investigation to bear upon birds in their relation to the farmers' precarious livelihood, and we have a good deal of evidence about Mr. Starling and Mr. Rook. A Doctor of Science has been among them taking notes, and we regret to say that he has found them both guilty.

Children of the Birds

The law of life and death which governs the multiplication of birds is the same that applies to all living creatures. The number of birds hatched from the egg is enormously greater than the number for which Nature provides food. Therefore the greater number of the young birds which are born die very soon after they come into existence. Indeed, if it were not so, the sky would soon be black with birds, because each pair of birds has so many children.

So it is with apple trees. Each in a single year produces thousands of possible apple trees, so that if they all lived apple trees would soon cover the world.

It is necessary to understand this to see why it is that starlings and rooks so rapidly increase. The farmer's work is to produce food, and he produces it for human beings to buy. "Thank you very much," say Mr. Starling and Mr. Rook; "we much appreciate your stores of food. We can now keep our children alive, and they are thriving very nicely."

Helping and Hindering the Farmer

The starling is not wholly injurious. The evidence both against him and in his favour is found in his stomach. We find that he eats weevils, click beetles, June bugs, wireworms, and the caterpillars of many very troublesome moths and beetles. Also, he likes slugs and snails. Now, in eating all these he does good for the farmer.

But, unfortunately, he is also fond of newly-sown seed and fruits such as strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, cherries, plums, currants, and so on. He helps himself to these greedily.

Poor Mr. Rook is also stated to have "become injurious." He has multiplied very largely during the last fifteen years. Scientific examination of his food shows that it consists of 41 per cent. of animal and 59 per cent. of vegetable matter.

Too Much of a Good Thing

The rook eats plenty of injurious insects, but unfortunately he does not stop at that. In the course of a year 10,000 rooks eat no less than 232 tons of food, and they seem to prefer cereals to anything else. When a single bird eats 52 pounds of food in a year, and that food consists mainly of matter cultivated for man, it becomes a serious problem.

It is with some species of birds, indeed, as with many other things: it is easily possible to have too much of a good thing. A certain number, even a considerable number, of starlings and rooks can not only be tolerated, but welcomed. When their numbers multiply beyond a certain point, however, out of all proportion to the supplies of their natural food, they make depredations on food supplies that were not raised for their benefit, and they then become injurious.

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

MECCA

THE HOLY CITY OF THE MOHAMMEDANS

The late Sultan of Turkey has gone to Mecca, the religious capital of the Moslem world, of which he claims still to be the Caliph, though the Angora Turks have deposed him and appointed his successor. His future course has not been announced, but it is pleasing to see a ruler whose office was double—temporal as Sultan, religious as Caliph—remaining loyal to his religious beliefs when his worldly power has vanished like a dream.

Mecca is the holy city of Mohammedanism. Rome to the Roman Catholic, and Jerusalem to the Jew, have not the same drawing power as Mecca has for all Mohammedans. Toward it the Mohammedan prays continually. It is the ambition of his life to visit it. When he has visited it he takes a new rank in his religious world.

The Journey to Mecca

Mecca is, of course, Arab in blood, tradition, and sympathy, though it belongs religiously to all nations that profess the Mohammedan faith. Too long, however, it has been dominated by whatever race happened to be the most prominent for the time being in Moslem circles. Lately the Turks have had a controlling influence; before that the Egyptians had it; now Hussein, the Arab Sherif of the district, is acknowledged as king, and his son, Feisal, is in a similar position in Mesopotamia. The Arab race, therefore, makes a reappearance in the political arena with two States of its own, and its special centre is Mecca.

To reach Mecca one goes to the port of Jiddah, on the Red Sea, and then a two-days' camel journey inland, crossing a range of hills. In the foothills that project from a second range, before the central Arabian plateau is reached, lies Mecca. The site is bare and barren. The town, with its 60,000 inhabitants, is well built, with stone houses, and at a distance is almost hidden among the hills. The only advantages it has are a good water supply and nearness to two passes through the steep hills behind it. Its food supplies have to come from fertile spots in the surrounding desert.

When Dates are Ripe

Mecca is a very ancient town. It was famous long before Mohammed was born there, about 570 A.D., for it is on the chief trade route from Syria, across Arabia, to the coast of the Red Sea.

From time beyond history "Arabia's desert rangers" have reached the sea plains by the two passes through the hills overlooking the town. And when the tribes holding the fruitful patches of the deserts were heathens, it was regarded as a holy place, as it contained a black stone considered peculiarly sacred.

The scattered tribes were constantly at war with each other, but clever men hit on the idea of having peace at a time when they all went to worship the black stone. The time fixed for that worship was when the dates were ripe. And so for certain weeks war ceased, and trade was carried on at fairs, and men trafficked and worshipped at the same time.

The Sacred Black Stone

When Mohammed started his purification of heathendom with his worship of the One God, he allowed for the superstition of the tribes, and kept this sacred black stone as an object of veneration. And now in the centre of Mecca is the Grand Mosque to which all pious Mohammedans long to journey; and in the centre of the courtyard of the Mosque is a small building, the Kaaba, with the black stone fixed in its wall at a height to be kissed; and the pilgrimages that once were heathen are now Mohammedan with a mixture of heathenism.

The late Sultan has been received with great honour by King Hussein of Hedjaz, the part of Arabia of which Mecca is the capital, and with enthusiasm by the populace. Deposed as Sultan from Constantinople, he may possibly be re-established as Caliph in Mecca.

THE BIRDS COME BACK

March the Month of Change and Gaiety

NESTING-BOXES FOR THE GARDEN

By Our Country Correspondent

March is like a crowd of children coming out of school. It is a noisy month, full of change and gaiety and some roughness, the month when birds and buds become quite certain that winter is past.

A number of trees, indeed the majority of trees, flower before they come to leaf. Among such trees are the hazel, the elm, and the witch elm, the poplars, the ash, and the "palm," or willow. These flower early, like the blackthorn and the almond, but for another reason. Most of them have two sorts of flower, and, to take the hazel as an example, the dusty pollen from the lambs' tails would never reach the little scarlet flowers if these were hidden among leaves, and if the pollen did not reach the flowers there would be no nuts.

Thousands of country people have never noticed these small scarlet flowers; but the discovery of them one March morning is perhaps the best of all signs of the coming of summer. Both birds and animals behave just like schoolboys in March. No prank of any boy is so madly energetic as the journey taken by the small birds that now land in England.

Let us think for a moment what their journey means. These tiny birds suddenly launch themselves across wide seas and lands, the swallows coming from Africa, the willow-wrens from the direction of Denmark, without a thought of the enormous risk they run from foul weather. A number perish, but the picture in their minds of the snug homes in England helps them to brave all these many dangers.

The Animals Wake Up

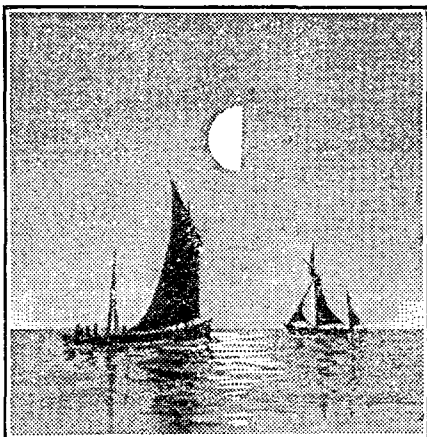
Thinking of this, we can hardly help being interested in the first sight of these visitors, and the first songs, which are among the most beautiful to be heard.

All of us who live at all in the country can make tolerably sure of attracting the best of them to our neighbourhood if we provide suitable nesting-places, boxes high up for the wren, clumps of low bushes for the warblers, and for the swallows an open window or crack, that will admit them to barn or stable.

In March the trees flower, the first birds arrive, the earliest birds nest, the winter birds, such as fieldfares, go away. The dormice, the squirrels, the hedgehogs, the bats, the snakes, some butterflies and other things, which had nearly stopped breathing, wake up from winter sleep, their hearts, which had nearly stopped beating, begin to work at full power again, and the creatures come out from their stuffy corners to frisk in the March winds. We shall find the spawn of frogs in the ponds.

As for the garden, March is the month of months, and every gardener will be as busy as can be, preparing beds for seeds.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 6 a.m. on March 9

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

Why Does Thunder Follow Lightning?

Thunder is the crack of the electric spark of which lightning is the flash.

What do the Letters R. I. After the King's Name Mean?

They stand for the Latin Rex, King, and Imperator, Emperor.

Why do Frogs Croak?

They are calling to their mates. The croaking has much the same kind of meaning as the singing of birds.

How Long do Tabby Cats Live?

Cats generally live on an average ten or twelve years, but some have been known to live for nearly a quarter of a century.

Do Trees Perspire?

Their leaves give off water through tiny openings called stomata, and they are said to transpire, which means practically the same as perspire.

What is the Area of the Earth?

The latest measurements give 57,254,000 square miles of land, which includes lakes and rivers, and 139,295,000 square miles of sea, a total of 196,549,000 square miles.

Does a Volcano's Fire Have to Pass Through Water in Coming to the Crater?

There is water practically everywhere in the Earth's crust, and naturally molten rock from the lower crust must pass through this; but the heat would dry up the water immediately near.

What is Water Made of?

When it is split up by chemists it is found to consist of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. These are combined in the water in the proportion of one volume of oxygen to two of hydrogen, which represents 16 parts by weight of oxygen to two of hydrogen.

How Many Telegraph Poles a Year Does the Post Office Use?

The British General Post Office requires 40,000 new telegraph poles every year. These originally all came from Norway, but now they are obtained from various countries. The arms, or cross-pieces, come mostly from Australia.

How Does a Spider Suspend its Web From One Bush to Another?

When the web material comes from the spider it is sticky and adheres to a branch. The spider then crawls or drops from branch to branch or from one bush to another letting out web as it goes, and fastening it where it wishes.

What is the Greatest Ocean Depth?

The greatest depth so far sounded is in the North Pacific near the island of Guam, which is only 66 feet short of six miles. This exceeds the greatest known height, Mount Everest, by 2612 feet. The deepest sounding in the Atlantic is 4662 fathoms or over five miles.

What is the C.G.S. System or Measurement?

It is the system now generally used in science which takes the centimetre as the unit of length, the gramme as the unit of mass, and the second as the unit of time. The unit of force is the dyne, the force which acting on a gramme for one second produces a velocity of a centimetre per second.

Why Has a Locomotive Bogie-Wheels?

A bogie is a four-wheeled truck supporting the front or back of a locomotive or long railway-carriage, to which it is attached by a central pin or pivot, and on which it turns freely. This enables a long vehicle to turn a sharp curve without danger, as the wheels keep the rails while the vehicle is coming round.

How Can a Parrot be Taught to Talk?

Every morning on first going into the room, every night on leaving the bird, and many times during the day, repeat the same word clearly and distinctly, a word with the vowel a or o and a hard consonant such as k or p or t. Avoid hissing sounds. Then go on to other words, and finally to short sentences, using them at appropriate times and places, such as Good morning in the morning, and so on. Treat the bird very kindly to gain its confidence.

ZODIACAL LIGHT

LUMINOUS CONE IN THE WESTERN SKY

A Mystery for the Men of Science

WHAT THE SPECTROSCOPE REVEALED

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

During the next two weeks, while there is no Moon, the wonderful zodiacal light may be seen, under favourable conditions, in the western sky soon after sunset. It will be seen also from about April 4 to April 16.

For good observation we should choose evenings when the sky is almost cloudless and the atmosphere very clear, and, if possible, when a good March wind has been blowing and so dispersed the bank of haze that so often lingers in the west after sunset. Then the zodiacal light may be seen, stretching upward from where the Sun has set, like a luminous cone, tapering to the left.

Where to Look

There should be no bright artificial lights between the observer and the western horizon, and so country dwellers are better situated than town ones for seeing this singular light.

As it needs to be sufficiently dark, the best time to look will be from about 7.30 to 10 o'clock p.m.

The light generally appears very broad near the horizon, being from twenty to forty times the Moon's apparent diameter wide and tapering upward to an almost invisible point, terminating more or less midway between the horizon and the zenith.

On this occasion the cone of light will point direct to the planet Mars, possibly appearing to envelop him. He may be seen almost due west, and barely a third of the way between the horizon and overhead, at about 8 p.m.

Mars now appears only a moderately bright star owing to his increasing distance; but he is still the brightest object in that region of the sky, and easily identified.

Cause of the Light

The cause of this zodiacal light has been for a couple of centuries one of the most interesting problems of astronomy. The evidence, now almost conclusive, indicates that the light is reflected from countless millions of minute planets, bodies most probably varying in size from grains of sand to footballs, with a lesser number of larger bodies.

This multitude of planets, each like minute replicas of Mercury, with one side lit up and the other dark, save for the reflection from the others, whirls in a constant stream round the Sun at a speed generally faster than Mercury.

There is much evidence for this. The fact that the zodiacal light is proved to be reflected light and found to be partly polarised like the Moon's, and also yellowish, discredits an electric auroral source for the phenomenon.

Moreover, the cone, or band of light, always extends along the line of the ecliptic—that is, the path followed by the Sun and the planets. If the cause were terrestrial, due to atmospheric or magnetic causes, it would be in line with our terrestrial or magnetic equator.

A Colossal Flat Ring

The spectroscopic also confirms the reflected sunlight theory, and in a powerful telescope the fainter stars below the tenth magnitude cannot be seen through the denser parts of this zodiacal light.

The facts generally indicate that it is a colossal flat ring composed of myriads of these small bodies for ever whirling round the Sun, each in its own orbit, similar to that other ring of minute bodies that revolves around Saturn.

But this solar ring is immensely greater in extent, for, whereas Saturn's is about 42,000 miles wide and 172,000 miles across, these zodiacal bodies form a ring at least 30,000,000 miles wide and 70,000,000 miles across. G. F. M.

THREE BOYS AND A BOAT

An Exciting Adventure
in the Lonely Highlands

: : Told by
Vernon Bruce

What Has Happened Before

Ian Wilton, Rupert Benfield, and Tony Dale are spending the holidays with Professor Cornelius Debenham at Loch Letterfern in Scotland, where he is experimenting with a motor-boat he has invented. Tony is known as Freckles, and Rupert is a boy who aspires to be a Sherlock Holmes.

Before they arrive they overhear two men planning to break into the Professor's house and steal his plans.

The Professor tells the boys he has refused to sell the boat to a Captain Bolvido for the revolutionary party of a South American republic.

The boys go to inspect the ruined castle on an island in the loch, and on the way they see the Professor's gardener, Angus MacGlashen, talking to the two strangers.

CHAPTER 12

An Unsuccessful Venture

THE three chums stood rooted to the spot watching the strange scene upon which they had so unexpectedly happened. It was disturbing enough to find that the two strangers they had overheard plotting against the Professor were already in the neighbourhood, but to find the gardener apparently on intimate terms with them made the situation seem much more serious.

"Can you hear what they are saying?" whispered Ian to his two chums.

"Can't hear a word," Freckles answered.

"Just our luck. The wind's blowing the wrong way," added Rupert, rubbing his spectacles and peering through a gap in the trees.

At that moment one of the strangers turned to Angus, patted him on the shoulder, and appeared to be talking earnestly to him for a moment. Then, with a nod to the gardener, they swung round and set off in the direction of the loch.

"Be quick!" whispered Ian. "There's no time to be lost if we are going to find out what those fellows are up to. Follow me, and mind you keep your heads down. We don't want Angus to spot us," he added, pointing to the gardener, who was staring after the strangers.

With heads down and bodies bent nearly double, the chums hurried down the narrow path.

"Phew!" gasped Rupert, when they had turned a bend that took them out of sight. "My back was nearly breaking."

"Well, you can straighten up all right now," replied Ian. "And you'd better be quick, too."

Making as little noise as possible, the boys hurried on down the path, which was now dipping deeply toward the shore of Loch Letterfern. Soon the woods gave way to a patch of broken rock and stunted bush, which stretched for some distance over the hillside.

"There they are," exclaimed Freckles, pointing with his stick to a spot far below them.

There, sure enough, the two strangers were sitting under a sheltering rock, poring over a paper.

"It will be hopeless to go on down the path," Ian told the others. "We could get no cover, and they will be certain to spot us before we are anywhere near them."

"What's the best thing to do?" asked Rupert, turning to Ian.

"If we work our way down the hill by that rock over there," Ian suggested, pointing to a large knoll some distance away on the right, "we ought to be able to get right up behind them safely."

"Lead on, Macduff," cried Freckles. "I'd give anything to find out what the beggars are up to now."

"Come on, then," Ian replied, setting off cautiously over the broken ground. "Keep the rock well in view, Rupert. It's easy to lose your direction if you have no definite bearings to work by."

"I'll do that all right," Rupert replied. "Why, that's quite simple work for a detective."

"You old swanker," laughed Freckles as they started off.

It was slow work, for it was no easy task in the failing light to pick their way down the steep hill; but they kept on steadily.

They were scarcely two hundred yards from their goal when Rupert, stumbling over a loose boulder, pitched headlong on to his face.

His chums hauled him, groaning, to his feet and looked at him anxiously.

"Have you hurt yourself?" whispered Ian.

A hollow groan from the unfortunate Rupert was the only answer.

"What's the matter?" asked Freckles. "Sprained your ankle?"

"O-o! No!" gasped Rupert. "I—I've lost sight of the rock!"

Ian grinned.

"I thought you'd broken your neck, at least!" he said. "Well, cheer up, Sherlock. I've still got it marked."

They kept on cautiously till they got right up to the rock behind which the men had vanished; but no sound came from the other side.

Signalling to the others to stop where they were, Ian began to climb up the steep side of the rock in the hope of obtaining a view of the men from above.

He had almost reached the top when Rupert let out a loud and penetrating "Aitchoo!"

CHAPTER 13

The Dropped Note

IAN acted quickly. Realising that he would never have time to get down before the two men had hurried round to discover the cause of the noise, he signalled to the other two to run; and the next moment Freckles and Rupert were scurrying off in the direction of the house.

Nothing seemed to happen, however, on the other side of the rock, and after a moment's deliberation Ian decided to risk a peep.

Climbing cautiously up, he peered over the edge of the rock. Then, in spite of his disappointment, he had to laugh. The men were not there.

"They must have cleared off while we were stalking them," he thought to himself. "Still, I don't think I'll call the others back. A fright will do Rupert good. Silly ass to sneeze like that." Without more ado he dropped down to where the two men had been sitting.

"You never know," he said to himself. "It's just possible they may have left some clue behind."

However, apart from a few burned matches and some tobacco ash, he found nothing. But, as he turned to go home, his eye was caught by a bit of paper half hidden by a thick tuft of heather.

He picked it up and looked at it curiously. It was a sheet of closely-written notepaper, but it was too dark to read what was written on it. So, thrusting it into his jacket pocket, he hurried back, guided by the lights of the house which were gleaming cheerily through the trees.

In the hall his two chums were waiting for him, and Rupert, very subdued after his bungling, began to apologise profusely for his sorry performance.

Ian cut him short with a laugh.

"Don't look so dejected, Rupert," he said. "You didn't do any harm."

"Why, didn't they hear Rupert's sneeze?" gasped out Freckles in surprise.

"No; as a matter of fact they didn't. They had cleared out before we got there."

Rupert looked quite annoyed.

"Then I might—" he began.

"Have succeeded again," interrupted Freckles. "And then you

would have scared all the deer in the Highlands."

"Stop scrapping, you two," said Ian. "Our little trip was not quite wasted. I picked up a letter which may throw some light on this business." And he felt in his pocket and brought out the piece of paper he had found.

Before they had time to examine it Mrs. Crabtree came bustling into the hall, and, seeing the boys, smiled broadly.

"You've got back safe and sound then," she exclaimed. "Upon my word, I'm fair scared to walk about these outlandish parts. Miles and miles, and never a policeman do you meet."

"But what's the good of policemen in the wilds?" laughed Ian.

"Well, you know, I always feel sort of lost without them," persisted Mrs. Crabtree. "They lend such a safety, so to speak, to the place. Like the Tower of London and things like that. That's why I married one of them. A sergeant he was before he died."

The sound of the gong interrupted the good lady's talk, and the boys followed her into the dining-room, where a good tea awaited them. There they were joined later by the Professor, whose dishevelled locks and generally untidy appearance spoke eloquently of a hard afternoon's work.

When tea had been cleared away and Mrs. Crabtree had gone off to her room, the boys related their experiences of the afternoon.

The Professor listened in silence till they had finished, puffing hard at his old pipe all the time.

"But are you quite certain that it was Angus MacGlashen whom you saw talking to those two fellows?" he asked.

"Oh, quite!" insisted Freckles firmly. "Why, sir, we were less than sixty yards away."

"It is certainly all very upsetting," the Professor sighed. "And now, what about this paper you have found, my dear boy?"

Ian produced the sheet, smoothed it, and spread it out under the lamp.

CHAPTER 14

The First Move

THE sheet was of the usual type of notepaper, and was covered with writing in indelible pencil.

"I can't make out much of this, I must say," confessed Ian. "What do you think of it, sir?"

The Professor adjusted his glasses and, holding the note under the lamp, read out: "Round the hill is easier than through it. When the house is shut, remember the castle is open. Those on the spot know more than those far away. Time presses but the reward is great. Violence breeds violence, so be cautious.—BOLVIDO."

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"It's beyond me," said Rupert.

"It is obviously meant as instructions of some sort from this man Bolvido," said the Professor. "H'm! 'When the house is shut the castle is open.' That sounds like a code message."

"We shall probably find out what it means pretty soon," said Freckles grimly. "Those chaps mean business, I'm certain."

"Well, forewarned is forearmed," said the Professor. "I will take charge of this note, if you will permit it."

"Rather, sir," echoed the chums in chorus.

"And now I want one of you to lock the door," said their friend. "That's right. We don't want to be disturbed by anyone; I am going to show you where I keep the plans of the motor-boat. I think it is necessary, in case of accident, that you should know."

The Professor then crossed the room to where, in a corner by the fireplace, stood an oil-lamp on a tall, ornamental stand. Removing the shade, he lifted the lamp out of its socket and pressed a hidden spring at the bottom of the oil-chamber. A hinged flap fell open, but, to the boys' surprise, no torrent of oil poured out of it.

"Quite simple, you see," explained the Professor. "This is merely fitted with a false bottom very near the surface, leaving quite a large cavity below. I always make a point of filling the lamps myself, so that there is no chance of the plans being discovered."

"But why don't you keep the papers in your safe, sir?" Rupert asked as the Professor replaced the lamp.

"My dear boy," said the Professor, "the only safe in the house is so antiquated that any burglar who knew his job could open it in a couple of minutes. Besides, a safe is the obvious place in which to put anything of value, and would be tackled before anything else."

The sense of this was quite clear to the boys, who gave their solemn promise to keep the secret of the hiding-place at all costs.

"I'm afraid I must leave you to amuse yourselves now," the Professor said. "I still have a lot of work which must be done tonight. If you would care to try your skill at billiards come along and I will show you where the billiard-room is. Only, whatever you do, don't cut my precious cloth."

The boys were soon engrossed in their game, and after a little while the round face of Mrs. Crabtree appeared round the door.

"Coming to have a game?" asked Ian, waving to her.

"Bless the boy, no!" laughed the housekeeper. "I couldn't hit a cathedral if I was more than a yard away. I just came along to tell you that your supper is ready and waiting. And mind you eat it all up. I should never forgive myself if I sent you back to your mothers looking half-starved."

"There's not much fear of that," laughed Freckles as they followed the housekeeper to the dining-room.

After supper the chums, who were still feeling the effects of their long journey, went to bed and fell asleep almost immediately. It was still dark when they were awakened by the sound of excited voices outside their door. Slipping on a few clothes, they hurried down to the hall, where they found a crowd of frightened servants.

The Professor immediately called to them from his study, and when they went in an extraordinary state of chaos met their eyes. Books had been torn from their shelves; the contents of the drawers of the Professor's writing-desk had been emptied on the floor; and the safe in the corner stood gaping open.

"What does it all mean, sir?" gasped Rupert.

"It means," answered the Professor grimly, "that our precious friends are wasting no time in their search for the plans."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Lucky Shilling

"I'm going to try for the office-boy's job at Mr. Larkins's," said Joe, as he took his cap off the peg. "If only I could get it, Mary, wouldn't it be fine? Mother wouldn't have to worry any more."

Mary tried to smile. It was really brave of Joe to go off every day as he did after a place, for every time he came back disappointed, and there were sure to be more experienced boys after such a good job as this.

"I'll be at the office early, anyway," said Joe, and he went off whistling just as if he had had quite a big breakfast.

It was a bright, frosty morning, and already there were early shoppers about. In front of Joe was a little dumpling woman with a big basket, who seemed in a great hurry. As she went a shilling fell out of her pocket and lay on the pavement.

Joe picked it up. A shilling! What a fine meat-pie that would buy from the pastrycook's near; or, still better, a jug of milk for his sick father. It was wonderful what a lot of uses Joe put that shilling to in a few seconds.

Then he looked ahead at the little dumpling woman. He couldn't be quite sure she had dropped it. It might have been lying there before she passed. Anyway, he needed it most!

But—oh, poor Joe grew quite red to think how nearly he had yielded to the temptation. He ran forward.

"Your shilling, I think, ma'am," said he.

The little woman felt in her pocket. It was her shilling. How grateful she was.

"I wouldn't have had my bus fare home if I'd lost it," she told Joe, who didn't notice a gentleman with a grey beard who looked back at him as he stood talking.

The office of Messrs. Larkins & Troft was quite close. There were several boys waiting about. They had come in the hope of getting the job. Some of them were very smart-looking lads who, from their talk, had evidently been in similar situations before. They laughed at sight of small, shabby Joe.

"You may as well clear out," said the biggest of them in lordly tones. "There's nothing doing here for your sort."

Joe set his teeth and did not answer. A man with a grey beard was passing through the waiting-room to a door marked private. He looked hard at Joe.

Presently a bell rang and a clerk came out. You can guess how amazed they were when he beckoned Joe. Of course, it must be a mistake. But it wasn't!

The man with the grey beard was Mr. Larkins himself, and he had seen Joe take that shilling back to the little woman.

"You are the sort I want in my office," he told Joe, after he had engaged him. "I reckon that was a very lucky shilling for you, my boy."



The Green Hills are Laughing in the Sun



Dr MERRYMAN

A MAN in a tramcar wanted to get out, so he stood up and gave the bell-cord a tremendous jerk.

"Not quite so hard, please," said the indignant conductor. "You're ringing the bell at both ends of the car."

"Well, I want both ends of the car to stop," replied the passenger.

WHICH is the left side of a plum-pudding?

The side that is not eaten.

Arithmetical Problem

THE numbers 1 to 9 can be arranged in such a way that when they are added together they will come to one hundred.

Can you do this? Solution next week

Finishing Touches

I'm going to be an artist,
And I'm pretty sure I could,
'Cos Daddy's done a picture
And it isn't very good.

He's painted little Jimmy,
And it's like he might have been
If Jimmy's hair was tidy
And if Jimmy's face was clean.

He's put him on a footstool
Like the footstool we have got;
But the legs are nice and shiny,
And the legs of ours are not.

So I'm going to paint the scratches,
And I'm going to dirty Jim,
And I'll make him nice and ugly,
Then we're sure to know it's him.

Buried Towns

HIDDEN in the following paragraph are the names of several towns. Can you find them?

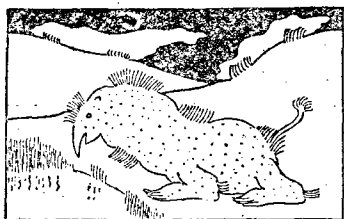
After he had had a bath, he went to bed for deserved rest and sleep. Then he was awakened by a dove rustling outside the window. Presently a servant knocked at the door and said: "Sir, the parcel you were expecting has arrived. It is now coming up; arise to receive it."

Solutions next week

WHY did the willow weep?

Because it saw the water-fall.

The Ridiculous Calendar



The Wox

MARCH winds spring up in No-where Land
And wake the Wox—he's rather grand,

With tufts from tail to bill.
He always hunts for water first,
Because of his enormous thirst.
Observe him drink his fill.



Under the Wiggle Tree

Now, underneath the Wiggle Tree
Grow things for breakfast, lunch,
and tea.

This is the Wox's larder.
He munches toad-stools, ferns, and corn,
And never stops until they're gone:
Such is the Wox's ardour.

Do You Live at Pontefract?

IN 1160 Pontefract was spelt Pontifracus, and the name is derived from the Latin *ponte fracto*, meaning broken bridge. No doubt the place obtained this name when William the First destroyed the bridge there in 1069.

WHAT is both food for the body and food for the mind? Bacon.

Keeping On and Falling Off



"I do love tobogganing," Snorum exclaimed

When half of the morning had gone.

"If you're not feeling tired of our fine winter sport,

I vote, for my part, we keep on."

"Agreed!" Snippy answered. "We'll slide down again,

Since you think at this game you're a toff."

But, when a big jolt threw the sled to one side,

Snorum didn't "keep on"—he fell off!

Strange, but True

THE guests at a dinner-party were being bored by a snob with a loud voice who wanted everybody to know that his family belonged to the aristocracy. At last an old gentleman asked him what he meant by aristocracy.

"Well," replied the snob, "I should describe the aristocracy as those who do not work for a living."

"You surprise me," said the old gentleman. "I always thought people like that were called tramps."

WHY is an author more free than a king? Because he can choose his own subjects.

An Exchange of Heads

Two birds were talking one fine day

About each other's names.

The one cried out: "Now come, let's play

At little children's games."

"Done!" cried the other; "but I've no head

For puzzles, you'll agree;

Give me your head, and have instead

The head that owneth me."

The first agreed, and his name sable

Part of a ship became!

The other was a vegetable,
And neither knew his name!

What were the birds?

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Curious Word

Stripe, tripe, strip, trip, ripe, priest

Arithmetical Problem

The four parts of 45 are 8, 12, 5, and 20. When two is added, subtracted, multiplied, and divided the result is ten in each case.

What Am I? Peace

Who Was He?

The Strange Preacher was George Fox

Jacko at an Old Job

JACKO could never pass a railway station without remembering the exciting time he once had when he pretended to be a porter.

Sometimes, when he had nothing better to do, he would sneak on to the platform and offer to help with the luggage.

He could not manage the heavy luggage, but he would rush for a lady's hatbox or a man's attaché case with such an earnest look that they could not help saying, "I don't need a porter, but here's a penny for you, my little chap."

On the whole Jacko did rather well. But one day an old lady came to catch the 12.20 train to Puddletown. It was not in when Jacko arrived on the scene, so she gave Jacko her coat, umbrella, and luncheon hamper to look after while she went to the bookstall.

Presently another train came in. An Eastern gentleman got out of it.

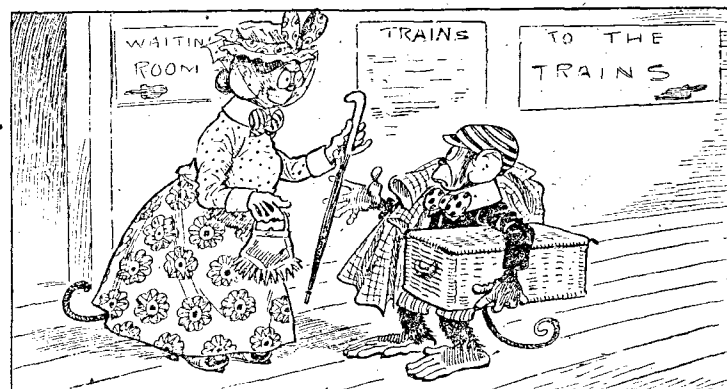
"I have to change here," he said to Jacko, "but there is half an hour before my train goes. Take care of these for me," and he gave Jacko his coat, stick, and a small hamper to hold; then he went off to the refreshment room.

Soon the 12.20 came snorting in. Back came the old lady.

"Tut, tut!" she exclaimed. "I never knew such a dead-and-alive hole in my life. I can't get the C.N."

"There's a stationer's just outside, mum," said Jacko; "perhaps I could run there and back in time."

He dumped one set of luggage on the platform, and thrust the other into a carriage. Then he ran off.



She gave Jacko her things to mind

He trotted up just as the train began to move out, and threw the paper in.

The old lady flung him a shilling.

"I am deeply obliged," she called out. "Now I shall enjoy my journey." And the train steamed away.

As Jacko stood getting his breath, the Eastern gentleman came strolling back.

"Ah, good boy!" he said. "You do not know what valuable thing I left in your charge. I thought it best not to say. People are so nervous. Now I tell you. In that hamper is Lola, the famous performing snake."

"I'm not nervous, sir," said Jacko. "Do let me see Lola."

The Eastern gentleman smiled and unfastened the hamper. All that he found was a packet of sandwiches, some Cornish pasties, and an apple. There was no Lola!

Jacko looked horrified. What had he done? Only changed the hampers!

"My hat!" he muttered. Then, before the snake charmer could recover from the shock, he took to his heels and ran.

Fortunately Lola's fangs had been drawn, but the old lady did not enjoy the journey as much as she had expected.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Rat and An Owl in the Chimney

An owl, having seized a large rat, flew with it on the roof of a labour institute at Enfield.

On the roof the rat showed fight; and after a fierce battle, the owl, with the rat still in its grip, fell down the chimney into the reading-room.

Not a bit abashed, the owl continued to fight till the rat was killed. But it did not plume itself long on its victory, for a member of the institute caught it and put it in a cage, and it is not even certain that it had rat for supper.

Un Rat et un Hibou dans la Cheminée

Un hibou, ayant saisi un gros rat, s'envola avec lui sur le toit d'un institut ouvrier à Enfield.

Sur le toit le rat voulut résister; et, après une lutte acharnée, le hibou, tenant toujours le rat dans son étreinte, tomba par la cheminée dans la salle de lecture.

Sans être le moins du monde déconcerté, le hibou continua à lutter jusqu'à ce qu'il eût tué le rat. Mais il ne se glorifia pas longtemps de sa victoire, car un membre de l'institut l'attrapa et le mit en cage, et il n'est pas même certain qu'il ait mangé du rat pour son souper.

Tales Before Bedtime

Granny's Thimble

GRANNY'S thimble was lost! It was a gold one and very valuable, and it couldn't be found.

Everybody was searching for it. Biddy was almost too little to search, but she did her best. "Perhaps the Fairies would help," she said.

Perhaps the Fairies *did* help; for the very next time that Biddy went out for a walk with Nurse there was a gold thimble in a shop window.

"One penny" was written on a tiny label over a boxful.

"Look!" cried Biddy. "I am sure one is Granny's."

"Nonsense!" said Nurse.

"Come along." And on Biddy had to go. But she was beginning to feel rather worried after that.

"I believe the Fairies put those thimbles there," thought she. "They must know that I've got a penny in my box."

Yes, Biddy had. Uncle Jack had given it to her.

"It's a golden penny," Uncle Jack had said; and Biddy had been wondering ever since how she could spend it best. Often, when she was in bed at night, she would wonder what she should buy. Now she knew.

She asked Mummy if she might go into the corner-shop quite alone that afternoon, and Mummy said "Yes."

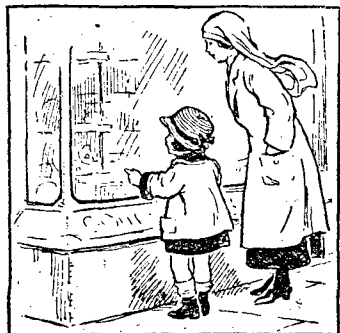
When Biddy came home afterwards, she raced straight into Granny's room.

"Granny! Granny! I've brought you another gold thimble! Don't lose this one! Gold thimbles are valuable, Daddy says!"

"Pooh!" said Bobby, who was in the room. "That thimble's not valuable. A penny couldn't buy a valuable thing."

But what do you think Granny said, with both her arms round Biddy and with Biddy's thimble on her finger?

"A penny can buy some-



"Look!" cried Biddy

thing far more valuable than a real gold thimble," she said. "And Biddy's penny has done that. I shall always wear Biddy's gold thimble, even if my old one does come back!"

And Granny has kept her word. Next day, while Cook was sweeping, she turned up the thimble under a mat. But Granny has never worn it again.

"It's a little bit crushed," said Granny. "And Biddy's gold thimble fits me so very well."

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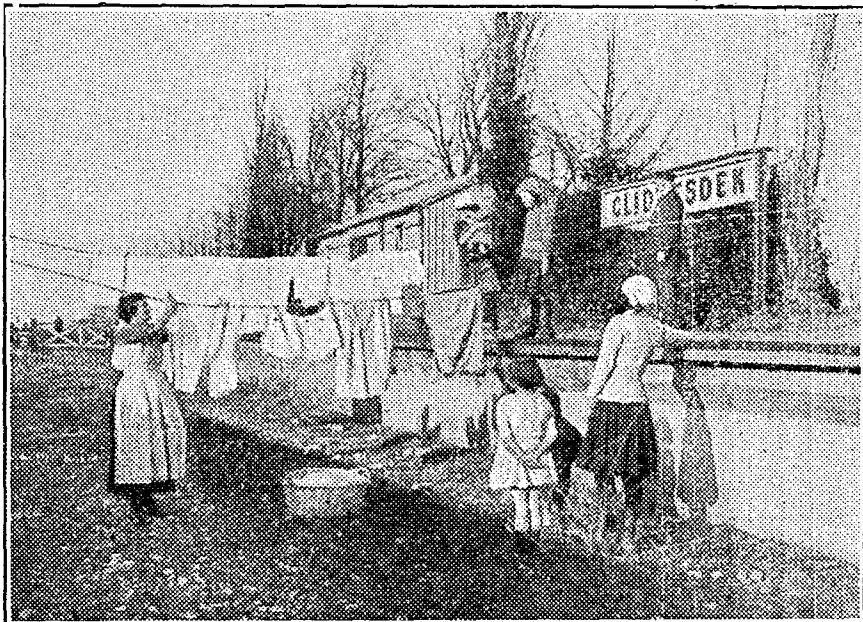
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 3, 1923

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THE LEANING SPIRE : AGROUND OFF THE LIZARD : ROMAN FINDS IN KENT



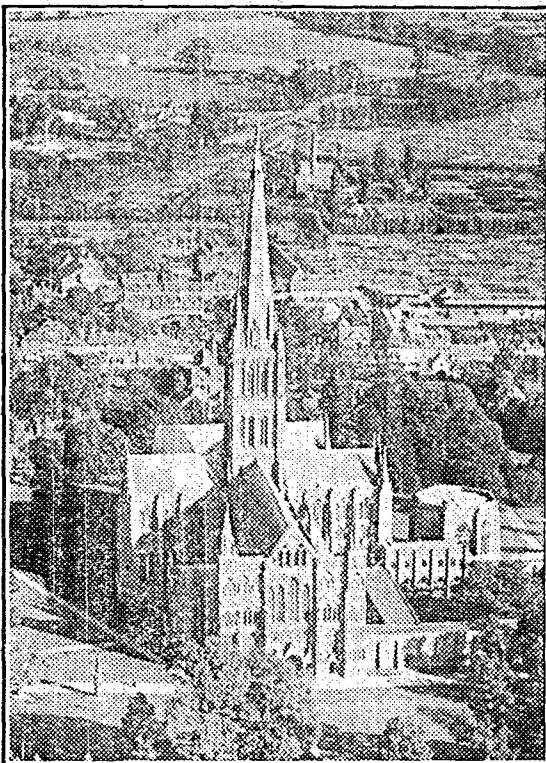
Drying Clothes on the Railway Track—The rails of the Basingstoke and Alton Light Railway, in Hampshire, were taken up during the war and carried to France, and now the family of the only stationmaster left on the line dry their washing by hanging it across the track



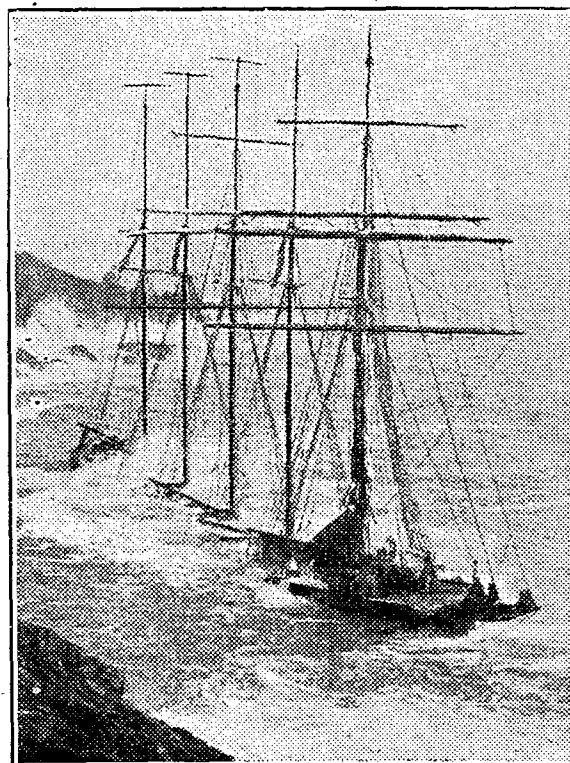
Izaak Walton's Cottage Saved—This picturesque cottage, at Shallowford, near Stafford, was for a time the home of Izaak Walton, the author of *The Compleat Angler*, and the Americans wanted to buy it and take it across the Atlantic. It has, however, been saved for the nation



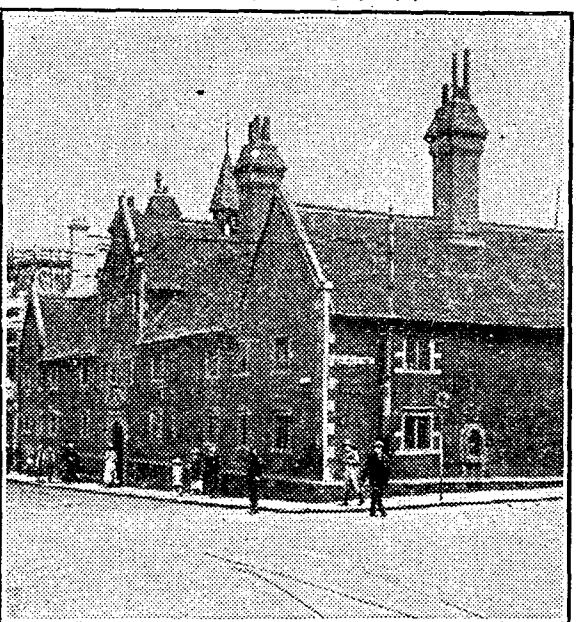
Eton's Grand-stand—A crowd of Eton boys made a grand stand of this elm tree the other day, when the heats of the mile race were run. They thoroughly enjoyed themselves



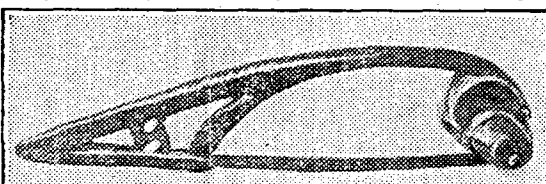
Salisbury Spire in Danger—This photograph of Salisbury Cathedral, taken from the air, gives a good idea of the beauty of the magnificent spire, which is said to be in danger



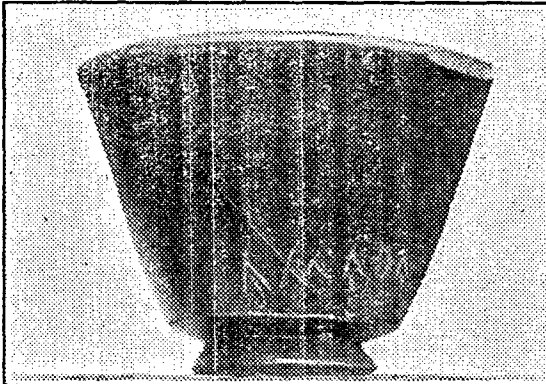
Aground Off the Lizard—Some gallant rescues took place when this ship, the *Adolf Vinnen*, of Bremen, ran ashore at the Lizard. Her crew was rescued by the rocket apparatus



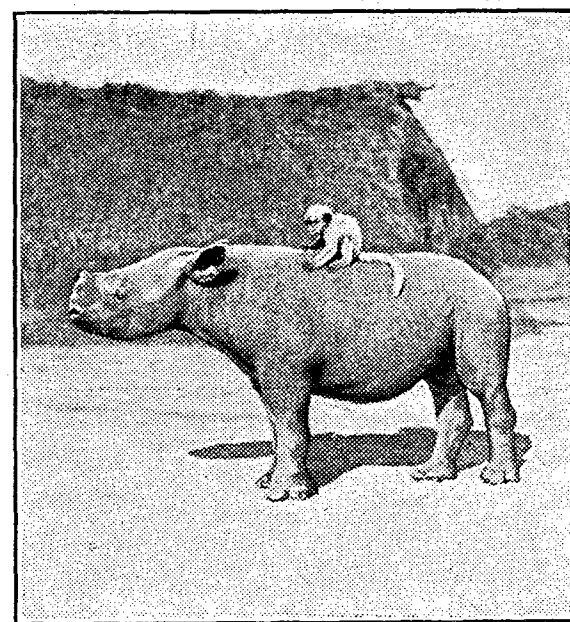
Historic Building in Danger—Whitgift Hospital, Croydon, a group of almshouses which it is proposed to pull down in order to widen the road. An attempt is being made to save it



An Interesting Find—A well-preserved Roman brooch made of bronze that was recently dug up at Dartford, in Kent



Roman Remains in Watling Street—A Roman vessel of Samian ware that was found at Southfleet, on the site of the old Roman road known as Watling Street. See page 4



Jacko Goes for a Ride—A monkey of Tanganyika goes for a ride on the back of a young rhinoceros with which he is on friendly terms. The rhinoceros has not yet grown a horn

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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